THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

1/- MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1929.

...respondence—Fascism and the Modern Mind—Sun Yat and the United States Navy—Languages of the Battle—The Abyssinian Club

...neral Comments — Douglas Jerrold

...ion from Paris — George Adam

...ekade — Francis...

...e Last Straw? — "The Man in the Street"

...e Economic Education of the British People — Herbert G. Williams, M.Sc., A.M.I.C.E.

...e Australian Labour Party — F. A. W. Gibbons

...ish Policy and the Palestine Mandate — Capt. C. D. Dawson

...Study of Knocsintang Propaganda — J. O. P. Bland

...eral Transport in Britain — Philip Gee

...e Episcopal Challenge to Parliament — Rev. J. F. Wimsley Eades

...e Cashiered Seal — R. T. Kendall Cook

..."Journey's End" — R. V. Dawson

...Singing English in England — Herman Ould

...ays Sergeant Murphy" — A. P. Garland

...raders — Horace Shipp

...OSES (The 12th Jays — Alex Lawther

...(Like Any Other Night — B. E. W. Gay

Poetry—Theatre—Books

Index of Contents: p. ii.

Annual Subscription: 14/- post free to all parts of the world.

4 ADAM'S YARD, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

COMPREHENSIVE MOTOR POLICIES.

Not a week goes by
but
some reader of the
Saturday Review
writes to say
how he has benefited
by following the advice of
TAURUS
in the City Page
Send for Specimen Copy to
The Circulation Manager
9 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE
Edited by Leonard Huxley, LL.D. Monthly, 1s. 6d. Net.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

POLYCHROMATA V. The Life and Death of Elsie Constantialidge
By J. Leslie Mitchell
A DUTCH SKIPPER WHO FOUGHT AT TRAFALGAR, II.
By Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B.
CANADA AND THE 'ODYSSEY' .. .. .. By Thabava
A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY .. .. .. By C. Martin
THE CHRONOLOGY IN THACKERAY'S NOVELS By W. A. Hirst
THROUGH OXFORD TOWN: Rondeau .. By Alice V. Stuart
A DOCTOR'S DIAGNOSIS: A Short Story .. By Edith Agar
A TALE OF MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER
By Mr. Justice McElroy
SINCPHO INTO ACHAIA: A Story of the Legions
By Lieut.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.
FAU ENDIMANCHE .. By Orlo Williams
THE ATLAS .. .. .. By C. G. Chenevix Trench
SHOPMATES O' MINE .. By W. F. Watson
LITERARY ACROSTIC, No. 73

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1.

"Luvisca" SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

Real Comfort Wear for MEN.

FOR Business, Pleasure and special occasions "LUVISCA" SHIRTS, PYJAMAS and SOFT COLLARS are always smart, serviceable, and comfortable.

LOOK FOR THE NEW REGISTERED TAB

If any difficulty in obtaining, write COURTAULDS LTD. (Dept. 81M), 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS AND STORES.

A Great Work with a Great Object.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES
— and —
"ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Over 28,000 poor Boys and Girls have been given a chance in life, and have been trained to become good and useful sons and daughters to the Empire.

1,100 children are always being maintained.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED

to prevent curtailment of any Branch of the Society's Work.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD,
FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
Chairman and Treasurer: FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, ESQ.
Deputy Chairman: LORD DARYNGTON.
Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee: HOWSON F. DEVITT, ESQ.
Secretary: F. BRIAN PELLY, A.F.C.

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

The Society pleads for Legacies and Bequests.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

CONTENTS OF THE TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-SECOND NUMBER

		PAGE
F. C. HOLMAN — Fundamentalism and the Modern Mind W. G. CARLTON HALL — Sea Law and the United States Navy J. W. BOOTHROYD — Languages of the Baltic CHARLES W. PARRY — The Alpine Club	Correspondence	523
DOUGLAS JERROLD	Current Comments	527
GEORGE ADAM	Notes from Paris	538
POSEIDON	Blockade	542
"THE MAN IN THE STREET"	The Last Straw?	552
HERBERT G. WILLIAMS, M.Sc., A.M.I.C.E.	The Economic Education of the British People	560
F. A. W. GISBORNE	The Australian Labour Party	565
Capt. C. D. BRUNTON	British Policy and the Palestine Mandate	575
J. O. P. BLAND	A Study of Kuomintang Propaganda	582
PHILIP GEE	Mineral Transport in Britain	591
Rev. J. F. WORSLEY-BODEN	The Episcopal Challenge to Parliament	600
ALICE LOWTHER	The Kill-Joys	607
H. T. KEMBALL COOK	The Cushioned Seat	614
R. V. DAWSON	"Journey's End"	620
H. E. W. GAY	Like Any Other Night	624
HERMON OULD	Of Singing English in England	630
JOYCE E. J. COLLARD	Poem: All Soul's Eve	633
GEOFFREY JOHNSON	Poem: Change	634
A. P. GARLAND	"Says Sergeant Murphy"	635
HORACE SHIPP	Invaders	637
	Book Reviews	640

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
NOVEMBER, 1929

Current Comments

IT is too early to say how important the Anglo-American rapprochement may be and whether, if it be important, it is for good or ill. If we regard the visit of a British Prime Minister to the United States merely as a gesture of good will, and his enthusiastic reception merely as a sign that this good will is returned without qualification, we can content ourselves with cordial congratulations on a sensible and welcome extension of the conventional diplomacy of international courtesy. But these visits of ceremony are not things which have a lasting result unless they have a sacramental quality. The outward sign lacks real significance without the inward grace. The *Entente Cordiale* was not made by the ceremonial exchanges between King Edward VII and President Loubet. It was made behind the scenes by the weary process of secret diplomacy and rather grudgingly ratified by the popular acclamation of kings, presidents and statesmen, whose published utterances were far from reflecting the secret thoughts of their advisers.

Anglo-American Relations

IN the present case, it has been denied that any secret understanding, either on naval disarmament or on anything else, has been reached, but this reading of the situation is a hard one to reconcile with the claims of the Premier's admirers that a "new era" has begun, and that only "cynics" and "pessimists" can doubt its potency for good. If no re-orientation of our policy is contemplated on either side of the Atlantic, it is obvious not to "cynics" or "pessimists" but to everyone with an atom of common-sense that no "new era" has been inaugurated. No one, however idealist in temperament, can imagine that an exchange of courtesies, however cordial, or an extension of personal intercourse between

What Lies Behind?

English and American statesmen, however long overdue, is any guarantee in itself of perpetual Anglo-American friendship and still less of perpetual world peace. National friendships are determined by circumstances and change from generation to generation, and world peace depends on the virtue and the wisdom of individuals and the power which virtue and wisdom exercise over the policies of democracies. As to the virtue of our present rulers we need have no fear. What of their wisdom? And what of their influence?

One Essential to Peace

IN sober truth, the future of European civilization and of the British Commonwealth does not depend, and can never depend, on Anglo-American friendship. That friendship has been called by Mr. Garvin the sheet-anchor of our civilization, but with all respect to a great journalist, the phrase is only true in a negative sense. It is, of course, profoundly true (and it is vital to remember it) that war between England and America would shatter the British Empire and would bring economic ruin to Europe. It is, however, equally important to remember that half-a-dozen other and, unhappily, less remote possibilities would have the same effect. Above all, a war between the United States and any powerful European coalition would quite possibly have a worse effect on civilization and certainly an effect as disastrous to ourselves. Yet are we wrong in detecting behind the imposing façade of good will to all men the tendency to assume that, in the face of Anglo-American solidarity, Europe, and particularly Latin Europe, must bow the knee? And are we wrong in thinking that it is this assumption, and not an increased certainty of lasting peace between England and the United States themselves, which is the basis of the claim that a new world era has begun?

An Ominous Forecast

ACCORDING to the *New Statesman*, we are not wrong in thinking in this way. This very ably managed and influential paper comments on Mr. MacDonald's visit in very friendly terms. It foresees, as the result, a definitely closer relationship between the United States,

Great Britain and Germany, and concludes with the following question :

> **" With all respect to . . . the League of Nations, what better guarantee of the peace of the world could there be than a natural and informal co-operation between the three great industrial countries of the world?"**

These are grave words, adumbrating, please God incorrectly, a policy fatal to world peace and, indeed, to civilization itself. The formation of a North Western, predominantly Anglo-Saxon, Protestant and maritime *bloc* ranged, in the sacred cause of peace and industrial efficiency, against the Central and Southern European military and Catholic powers, would be not only the wickedest but the most foolish departure from our present policy. Bad though it would be, even the pre-war policy of the balance of power would be better.

Can We Separate from Europe?

The New Statesman's reference to England, Germany and the United States as " the three great industrial countries " would be comic if it were not so fraught with tragic possibilities. The most prosperous nation in the world today is not the United States but France, and, compared with Great Britain, almost every country in Europe is aggressively prosperous. But man does not live by bread alone. There are other signs by which virility shows itself in societies of men. Any policy which fails to realize that the old inferiority, industrial, political or moral, of the Latin to the Northern European races is definitely ended today is not merely going to fail but is going to ruin civilization in the process. No one is at times more conscious of this than Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and his declaration in the joint statement issued by President Hoover and himself on the subject of our European obligations is emphatic. But what is going to happen when the time comes, as it will, to translate words into deeds? Today we talk of Anglo-American solidarity. Tomorrow are we to talk equally enthusiastically about the United States of Europe? According to the *Evening Standard* we are not. According to Lord Beaverbrook our interests and our future lie outside

Europe. And according to Mr. MacDonald? The question needs an answer.

THE first difficulties will arise over the twin problems of the freedom of the seas and disarmament. Any attempt to force either naval and military disarmament on a Europe faced with an Anglo-American Navy reserving to itself the function of determining who is the aggressor in any dispute (and of proceeding to execute judgment by means of the blockade) will fail. Equally any attempt to restrict the right of search (and thus the power of blockade) will fail, in practice if not in theory, because such a right must inevitably be insisted on by any maritime power attacked by a predominantly military power.

Disarmament

"POSEIDON" deals in some detail in this issue with the question of blockade, of which much is likely to be heard in the near future. For our part we are satisfied to leave this question to the Government, knowing that no government which abandoned unconditionally our rights in this vital matter would be allowed to remain in office. The larger question of disarmament is quite different. We want to see, and hope to see, a general scaling down of armaments. The possibility will turn not on the exaltation of the sentiments professed in Washington, London and Berlin, but on the degree of assurance felt in Paris, Rome, Warsaw and Belgrade that no ulterior advantages are being sought by the maritime powers which have announced in advance their own intention of remaining armed.

The Question of Blockade

WE do not regret the intention. In the world of today armaments are essential, not to preserve peace, because peace does not exist, but to limit the area of conflict. What we have to remember, however, is that war is not, as is so often foolishly said, a method of *settling* disputes, but a method *carrying them on*. It is thus not enough for statesmen to say that they will never use war to gain their ends. What they have to reflect on is the nature of the ends which they are seeking and the likelihood of

The Causes of War

those ends being such as to force others to fight against them. War is not the tyrannous weapon of majorities; it is the last and sometimes the only weapon of minorities. Every great war has been that of a coalition of (militarily) weaker powers against an overwhelmingly powerful alliance. If this generation sees the inauguration of such another alliance, however "informal" and however pacific its intentions (predominant powers never wish for war) it will see the end of disarmament and the die will be cast for another and more disastrous conflict.

"**Mr. MacDonald and President Hoover,**" says the *New Statesman*, "**have taken decisions that sooner or later are bound to tell on the Continent of Europe . . . .**" What are these decisions?

Stresemann

THE death of Dr. Stresemann leaves a gap in the Councils of Europe. His supreme merit was that he was a strong Nationalist without being a bad European. The result was that he was an indefatigable worker for the reconstruction of the European system on a basis at once equitable and lasting. No internationalist could have done what Stresemann did for the cause of peace, which depends on the ability of the lion to lie down with the lamb, not on the hope of "evolving" by a succession of "formulæ" a world of lamb-lions.

The Coming Session

MR. MACDONALD-JEKYLL will return soon to receive the plaudits of the majority of Englishmen on his successful diplomacy in America. It is Mr. MacDonald-Hyde, however, who will earn the applause of the majority in the House of Commons. The first step has already been taken in the announcement of further "pensions" to widows, at a total cost of some £36 millions up to 1936. Other projected legislation will reduce the hours of work in coal mines and provide for large expenditure on relief works. Most ominous of all is the rumour that enquiries are on foot into ways and means for pensioning all workers at 60. With the school age raised to 15, pensions to widows at 55 and to workmen at 60, we should have reduced the productivity of the country in a year to a level far lower than would suffice to maintain even our

present standard of life. The fantastic doctrine that unemployment is cured by enforcing the retirement of one generation of skilled workmen at an early age and by delaying the apprenticeship of another generation of the potentially skilled leaves sane people speechless. You cannot argue with a man who thinks you can make a country richer by cutting down its output, nor can you argue with a man who imagines that by forcing out of industry two categories of working people whom industry needs and substituting for them people whom industry at present does not need you can increase productivity. In any case, and on no showing, do schemes of this kind increase the numbers employed.

Unemployment

It cannot be too clearly understood that unemployment of the kind we are experiencing today is the characteristic product of over-consumption. *The decline in our share of the world's trade* (*due to high production costs*) *is the symptom, not the cause, of the disease.* We are trying to consume as a nation more than we produce. The remedy is to consume less (lower wages) or to produce more, and there can be no other remedies. In old days, when there was a free labour market, it is arguable that a premium was placed on industrial inefficiency and social injustice by the ease with which real wages could be forced down by the simple operation of the law of supply and demand. Certainly, no Christian wants to return to those days, and it is to the lasting credit of the old school of trade unionists that they fought and won the fight for a living wage and so forced industry to provide by improved methods for a steady appreciation in the general standard of life. The trouble today is that trade unionism tends too often to prevent efficient working by over-emphasis on craft distinctions and inelastic conditions of working and shorter hours. At the same time progressive politicians have trebled and are still adding to the overhead burdens. The result is seen not in a general fall in wages, as would have been the case 80 years ago, but in a total cessation of wages to over a million people, while the wages of the balance remain relatively high, though still too low. The result

of further pensions, more expenditure on education, and more subsidies generally will, and can only, be to drive still more people out of employment, for that is the only way in which national consumption can in present circumstances be reduced to an equation with diminished output.

The Urgency of Rationalization

THESE facts point clearly to the supreme importance of rationalization. What is wanted is a drastic overhaul of our productive machinery, in the hope that by standardizing output and amalgamating our productive units under some form of joint management we can effect a big reduction in manufacturing costs without reducing wages. If Mr. MacDonald-Jekyll will put his hand to this task, and if Mr. MacDonald-Hyde can be prevented from mortgaging in advance the hypothetical benefits which may result from industrial reorganization, we may come through our difficulties. It must be realized, however, that every piece of "social" legislation adds inevitably and mathematically to production costs and so to unemployment, and that there are very strict limits to the economies which can be effected by rationalization. It is very doubtful whether even the most skilful reorganization will enable us to maintain in full our present social services. It is certain that many years will pass before we shall be able to extend them without adding to unemployment, unless rationalization is accompanied either by longer hours or lower wages—a possibility which no one cares to contemplate. But the electorate have got to be instructed that the choice is for them. They, and no one else, will have ultimately to foot the bill. To drive this point home is the first duty of the Conservative Party. There are unpleasant signs that the duty is going to be shirked. If this Parliament is to see a series of cowardly and dishonouring surrenders by the Opposition, if it is to see a return to the old tactics of refusing to divide against the Government whenever an extension of the "social" services is proposed, then the Conservative Party will justly and for ever have forfeited the confidence of the electors.

THE antics of the Press over our new airships have been increasingly ridiculous. When a succession of adverse winds made it necessary to postpone the first trials of R 101, the Press wept, and asked pitifully why they had been misled. When the weather conditions improved and R 101 sailed over London, the Press announced "London's Day of Wonder," entirely forgetting that airships had flown over London hundreds of times before. The pitiful thing is the lack of elementary common-sense which is revealed. We knew before this last fiasco that airships could fly, if the conditions were favourable, and that they could not, if the conditions were adverse. We knew precisely what the cruising speed of the new ships would be, and why it was too low to make commercial navigation possible. We knew also why it was, and is, impracticable to build airships with a higher cruising speed. The expenditure on the R 101 has not added one iota to our knowledge of any of these things, because the difficulties of airship navigation are inherent in the air, not in the ship. The pretence that "lessons" will be "learnt" which will enable these difficulties to be overcome next time is merely impertinent. No mechanical contrivance can alter the fact that airships are parasites in the air, and that their speed is conditioned always and directly by the speed and direction of the wind; and no expenditure of money will enable the speed and direction of the wind to be either controlled or foretold. To talk about "evolving" an airship capable of surmounting these difficulties is as impudent as would be the claim of an athletic trainer to have invented a system of diet which would enable a man to run 100 miles in an hour.

The R 101

FOR pure muddleheadedness it would be impossible to beat the suggestion that soldiers and sailors should not participate officially in the Armistice Day Service at the Cenotaph. The ceremony of November 11 commemorates the sacrifices of the fighting services enjoined upon them by the failure of politicians and journalists to keep the peace of the world. If the politicians were

Armistice Day

to absent themselves from the Cenotaph, the act would at least be symbolical of one facet of the truth. We do not, ourselves, admit that any British statesman was responsible for the world war, but in so far as any responsibility at all rests on any Englishmen, it must and can only rest on the civilians. To seek by a changed ceremonial to stamp on the minds of a new generation the legend that the war represented the fatal triumph of the soldiers and sailors over the peace-loving politician is to bolster up a lie about the past by an insult to the dead.

Empire Free Trade

THE campaign for Empire free trade shows a curious vitality, but it flourishes on innumerable misconceptions. There is a strong case for the protection of agriculture, not on economic but on political grounds. The benefit to the nation of a prosperous countryside is incalculable, and the cost to the individual town-dweller, reflected in higher prices for foodstuffs, would probably be less than he has to pay to-day in doles and subsidies to unemployed townsmen. But agricultural protection will never be carried by the back door. The case must be openly argued on its own merits, and it is only one, and not the greatest, of its merits that if Dominion produce was allowed to enter free, the British producer would still be protected, while the concession to the Dominions would produce reciprocal benefits. So much for the first misconception. The second cuts deeper. We cannot reverse, we can only slow down, the growth of manufacturing industries in India, Australia, Canada and New Zealand. To say that we must take a long view of inter-imperial free trade may be wise but it is not encouraging. If a partial reversal of our policy of free imports stimulated, as it would, the agriculture of the Dominions, the drift from country to town would be temporarily checked in Australia and Canada. For the time being it would be realized that capital could be more profitably employed in agriculture than in launching new industrial enterprises subjected to the competition of free British imports. But such a state of affairs would not and could not last. The third misconception is the gravest. Dominion industries already established under

protection and Dominion standards of living protected by high tariffs could not be suddenly exposed to our competition. The gain to our export trade from inter-imperial free trade would thus accrue largely, if not entirely, to the industries of tomorrow. In other words, the industries to-day could expect little—and the industries of the day before yesterday could expect nothing—from Empire free trade.

Protection and Prices

NONE of the conclusions in our last paragraph are in any way conclusive against Empire free trade. Where British manufactures can compete economically with Dominion manufactures and where the position is not prejudiced by Dominion industries fostered artificially by an inclusive tariff, and unable to maintain themselves without one, Empire free trade would be a gain to all parties. But Empire free trade will neither cure unemployment or enable British agriculture to be protected without increasing the price of foodstuffs to the British consumer. To suggest that such an increase can be prevented by controlling the middleman's profits or improving his methods is to beg the question. There are grave objections to any such control, but if they be overruled, then such control should be put in hand at once. The comparison of price levels under the present and the projected system must, to be fair, assume the same conditions of distribution to operate under both systems. If the Empire free trade campaign is to be carried on with the same "incurable sloppiness" which marked the earlier "Tariff Reform" campaign, it will come to the same end at the polls.

The Chances of the Campaign

THE same thing will happen if Empire free trade is used as a cry to cover up a campaign for wholesale protection of British manufactures. Two conditions must, therefore, be fulfilled if inter-imperial free trade is to have a chance of success. The first is that the electorate have got to be persuaded on social and patriotic grounds to accept a tax on non-imperial imported foodstuffs, and the second is that the promoters

of the policy have got to resist the temptation to revive the campaign for a general tariff. Neither condition is in the least likely to be fulfilled.

Australia

THE Australian elections are an unpleasant reminder of the defects of democracy. There are few people of any party in Australia who regard the working of the arbitration system which determines wage rates, and through them prices and tariffs, without alarm. It is a commonplace that the courts usually proceed on the basis of splitting the difference and that unfavourable awards are often ignored. If the high rates of wages obtainable in Australia had led to an era of great prosperity for labour, there would be no cause for alarm at the result of the election. Actually, however, there is severe unemployment, and the continuous rise in prices has largely, if not entirely, discounted the increases in nominal wages which have taken place in the last twenty years. Having pinned their faith to a principle which has turned out not to be beneficial, progressive politicians seldom have the courage to turn back. And if they have the courage they often lack the power. There are always still more progressive men behind them waiting for their places. The position is much like our own in the matter of the social services. The industrial situation here is too bad for any party to be able to stand still. Progressives, bound by their pledges and their prophecies, feel unable, in the circumstances, to do anything except go on still further with the policies which are in fact the cause of the evils they profess to cure. The Australian parallel shows that the electorate may well support them. It is so easy to believe that the top of the next ridge will reveal the promised land. However long the series of disappointments, democracies retain an optimism which, unless they can subdue it, will prove their ruin.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

The London Naval Conference.—France awaits the Conference with a good deal of anxiety, as it will meet at a time when the whole position of French security is again under discussion. The evacuation of the Rhineland is being effected with a feeling of misgiving which is not lessened as it becomes increasingly clear that the work of fortifying the Eastern frontiers has been, and still is, delayed by disputes between rival schools of defensive strategy. Although much has happened to show the dangers of the plan produced by Foch for the permanent occupation of the Rhine, and to reveal the frailty of the substitute guarantees of security—the Anglo-American undertaking and the protection of the League of Nations, accepted by Clemenceau at Versailles—the broad fact remains that France, after ten years of peace, feels herself to be more exposed than before to the dangers of invasion. In fact, it is by no means improbable that the whole Rhineland controversy, which nearly wrecked the Peace Conference, will be set alight again by the Parliamentary intervention of M. Georges Mandel, Clemenceau's former secretary, and now deputy for the Gironde, as well as by the publication of Clemenceau's own book dealing with his relations with Foch in this matter.

French and Italian rivalries.—There are many people in this country who feel that the two big Anglo-Saxon brothers have been over-ready to make a naval agreement in the Atlantic at the expense of the interests of the Latin Powers in the Mediterranean, where both France and Italy are quite openly building against each other, and where diplomacy, so far, has failed to find any means of satisfying Italian appetites. This failure, I understand, may be reflected in the forthcoming shuffle of French diplomatic appointments, which may lead to removing M. de Beaumarchais from his present post as French Ambassador in Rome. M. de Beaumarchais has worked

hard to carry out his extremely difficult task, and he may well be justified in feeling some sense of impotent humiliation at the prospect of remaining almost as a suppliant outside Mussolini's door.

Mediterranean Supremacy.—While in Britain the Atlantic and America are our chief preoccupations, in France, at any rate, the most immediate interest of the London Conference is represented by Italy and the Mediterranean. French interests in northern Africa are not entirely economic. The use she was able to make of African troops during the last war had increased her hopes of filling by means of black troops the gaps arising from her falling birth-rate. The naval supremacy of France in the western Mediterranean will be essential to her safety in any future struggle. The naval vigour displayed by Mussolini's Italy has already caused alarm here as to the future, and any scheme at the London Conference which would place France and Italy on a footing of equality in the Mediterranean would be disastrous to the French. Unless, by some miraculous ingenuity, Italy and France manage in direct conversations, such as those between Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover, to remove the many points of friction between them and to go to London with an agreed policy, what *Pertinax* calls " this terrible Franco-Italian quarrel " may well break out in London. Italy has been sending up *ballons d'essai* to which the wind of French opinion seems favourable, but no one here under-estimates the strength of Mussolini's position or the nature of the demands he will formulate in return for Franco-Italian co-operation.

Russian Recognition.—Those people in Britain who feel that formal resumption of diplomatic relations is in itself likely to lead to the observance of diplomatic conventions by Russia may find it of profit to study the development of Communistic affairs in France. The dramatic escape from the Russian Embassy of M. Bessadovsky, who was acting as head of the Embassy while his chief was having a friendly talk with Mr. Arthur Henderson in the quietness of a Sussex inn, is a timely reminder of the somewhat peculiar uses to which Soviet Embassies are sometimes put. It coincides with a

positive epidemic of Soviet sensationalism, and with a great increase in French police activity against the men who, either as direct agents of Moscow or working through French Communists, are frankly seeking to destroy the Government of the country with which it still pretends to maintain ordinary diplomatic relations.

Dealing with the Communists.—Thanks to the energetic policy of M. Tardieu, Minister of the Interior, the great Communist rising which was to drench the streets of Paris with gore only ended in some three thousand class-conscious working men spending a quiet day in gaol. But during these police operations a mass of evidence was obtained with regard to the treasonable character of the Communist party's action in France, and it has now been decided to proceed with a charge of conspiracy against the domestic and foreign safety of the State which will lead to the appearance before the Courts of the Communist Parliamentary leaders, all the members of the Central Communist Committee and the business and political heads of *Humanité*, the organ of the Hammer and the Sickle. These individuals number 152, but the examining magistrate has a power, which he will no doubt exercise in the course of his investigations, of increasing his "little list." There is always considerable danger of proceedings upon such a scale being regarded as an illegal abuse of office to carry on warfare of a purely domestic political nature. The police, however, believe that they have acquired evidence of the relations between the French Communist party and foreign governments more than sufficient to justify to the hilt the charge of spying which will be brought against the controllers of French communism.

It remains to be seen how long it will be possible for the French Minister of Foreign Affairs and the President of the Republic to receive an accredited representative of a Power against whose actions the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Justice feel forced to take public proceedings.

Fashions in Obscenity.—Fashions change in literature, and M. Barthou, the French Minister of Justice, has noticed the fact. Having doubtless read some modern novels and poetry, he is moved to like one or two master-

pieces of the past. Most of us know the feeling. He is, therefore, engaged in lifting the ban which has till now rested on "Les Fleurs du Mal," "Mademoiselle de Maupin," and "Madame Bovary." He evidently thinks that this generation cannot be harmed by anything it will find in these books, but might even be benefited. Of course, they have been on general sale in numberless editions for decades; but they are still officially illicit, and M. Barthou has decided to remove this anomaly. It remains a question whether young people who batten on books about sexual perversity and overclose family relationships will bother with the trite innocence of the newly rehabilitated masterpieces. The fact that there was a ban to be removed may vaguely interest them; but most of them have read the books in question ages ago—when they were a little less elderly than all young people are to-day. The period we live in—the period everyone lives in or ever has lived in—is one of transition; but this particular age is less transitional than collisional; ideas meet head-on like railway trains, and there are usually plenty of killed and injured . . . . For instance, a new night-restaurant in Montmartre will shortly open, under the title of "La Bohème Mondaine." Shade of Mimi with your muff and your little cold hands —what do you make of that?

Blockade

By Poseidon

THE world, as perhaps never before, is yearning for a long and lasting, indeed everlasting, Peace. The passage of the years since 1918 has intensified the horror of that obscene massacre of the youth of all nations which the late war involved. In this instance, mercifully, distance has lent, not enchantment, but disenchantment to the view, and in the perspective of ten years we all of us see this bloody charnel-house as a shame to be avoided at all costs in the future history of the Christian races. This loathing of that wholesale slaughter is in no way confined to the civil population, but is shared to the full by naval officers and soldiers.

This natural and healthy hatred of the late war is now echoing through all lands, though especially, perhaps, through England and America, giving rise to a growing clamour of what is loosely called "Peace-talk," out of which are slowly emerging concrete proposals for the limitation, leading to a reduction, of expenditure on naval armaments.

Few, if any of us, dispute the very grave need of a restriction of war material, with the notable exception of aerial material, which even professed pacifists, strangely enough, wish to increase. The cost of armaments, apart from all other considerations, is imposing upon taxpayers a burden which, added to other crushing burdens of social taxation, is wellnigh intolerable.

We are all agreed that competition in armaments is wholly bad, except for that small body of munition-mongers whose wealth is largely dependent upon the maintenance of discord between nations whose greatest need is to live peaceably among friendly neighbours. These matters are not controversial. We all want to live at peace, and securely, and yet ceaseless peace-talk has all the properties of dynamite, if such talk is unillumined by the cold, clear light of reason. In this realm mere emotionalism and vague "goodwill" are snares, indeed, for the unwary.

Upon what is the present spate of peace and goodwill talk based? Is it upon a sudden access of passion for truth, justice, and selflessness in post-war men and women? Surely we cannot maintain this when we look out dispassionately upon our post-war world of bombing and slaughter in those little "oil wars" and "concession wars" with which, we were recently told by a League of Nations champion on the wireless, it was no part of that August Body's business to interfere. Let us, for heaven's sake, be intellectually honest. It is certainly true, perhaps as never before, that mankind sighs for the reward of a lively Christianity, but in advocating and *scheming* for the abolition of war are we not endeavouring to garner the fruits of Christianity off a tree whose roots are embedded, perhaps more deeply than ever, in human imperfection? Are we not literally attempting to gather figs from thistles?

Fear, stark and shameful fear, rather than a new passion for the reign of law and righteousness, is the spectre behind the prevailing clamour of loose and whirling peace-talk; and to what does this nightmare of fear owe its existence? In a few words, to the memory of the foul massacre ashore and to the devastating destruction wrought by German submarines at sea—a destruction which brought this island country within measurable distance of starvation and defeat.

Now it is almost universally assumed that a future war between great and powerful nations must be of the same nature as the last, though incomparably more terrible and bloody owing to the intrusion of "air power." This is believed, in all seriousness, to have added immeasurably to the reign of terror, the rain of death, in store for humanity if it should ever again allow itself to be embroiled in that physical warfare which is the embodiment—and in extreme and therefore rare cases the necessary embodiment—of that spiritual warfare which must ever be waged in an evil world that still avows the moral basis of the world we live in.

In these post-war years we seem, for the most part, to have become *fatalists*. It is seriously maintained that in the event of war, "modern science," as exhibited in aircraft, gas, tanks, submarines and so forth, has placed

mankind in subservience to his weapons, thus rendering us the slaves of matter and the puppets of circumstance. It is generally assumed that the revolting and ungoverned massacre in the late war was ungovernable and, therefore, inevitable, and that in any future conflict of national wills, if arbitration breaks down, the general massacre will be increased to a stage which implies the suicide and extinction of Western civilization. *Given the premises*, the writer agrees that "the next war" will complete the return of the West to barbarism; but he would go farther and assert that Christian civilization is doomed in advance, and that the writing is even now upon the wall, and for this reason. So long as we live in a moral world, and until the world is ruled individually and collectively by righteousness, justice, and equity, issues will assuredly arise between nations, rarely perhaps, but none the less certainly, which render the agony, self-sacrifice, and impoverishment of war the cross that humanity must bear for its shortcomings, for the vindication of truth and justice, and for the defence of the weak. Thus, given the popular premise that "the next war" must be more terrible than the last, we are faced with the choice of the moral disintegration of peace at any price, or physical collapse in support of right—physical collapse, it should be added, following moral surrender as surely as it must follow another war such as the last, if more slowly. Here is a dilemma, indeed, granting the major premise, but is that premise correct? Is it true that any future war need bear any resemblance whatever to the last bloody massacre? Have we in reality, at the command of "modern science," become the slaves of circumstance, or are we still free men, free to vindicate and defend what we believe to be the right and at a cost which, if heavy, is still bearable, cheerfully and cleanly bearable, in this perverse and imperfect world?

The answer is Yes. Thank God there is a way, and that a clean and chivalrous way, in which a Christian country can contemplate with calmness and fearlessness, though never plan, another war, while striving by every means of Christian endeavour to remove from the hearts of men in general, and Englishmen in particular, that

greed, pride, and extreme nationalist megalomania which are still the seeds of war, and that way is still, as in the past, by the way of the sea; by a return to that faith and trust in our sea-power which has ever, for Englishmen, gone hand in hand with a lively trust in the Providence of God. Few will deny that England's entry into the late war was inspired by motives of justice, loyalty to truth, and in defence of the weak, with which motives our own security was imponderably and very properly involved, but who, even today, will assert that our leaders were wrong in resisting to the eleventh hour the *popular* clamour for war, or in finally accepting the challenge of Germany when the simple-minded efforts for peace of Lord Oxford and Lord Grey had failed?

Were the motives very different from those which persuaded us to defend the liberties of England and Europe from the projected tyranny of Napoleon?

If our motives were right, if we were compelled, or felt ourselves compelled, to resist the tyrannical claims of Germany over her weaker neighbours, does it follow that the measures by which we implemented our championship of Liberty and Justice were sound? Was our naval and military strategy based upon correct principles? Was the vast Continental campaign inevitable? Here, after some circumlocution, we come to the crux of the matter.

The writer believes, with a growing body of naval and military opinion, that the nature and conduct of the late war were the greatest strategical blunders in British military and naval history. Space clearly does not admit of enlarging on this great theme in detail, but this much can be said. In the late war we departed from that traditional British strategy which relied, in the main, upon the slow and stifling effect of sea pressure punctuated by limited military campaigns in aid of our friends at those selected times and places which victorious sea power makes possible.

There can be little doubt that England's trust in the sea has undergone a subtle and, therefore, particularly dangerous change. Loss of faith in the navy as England's one sure shield is apparent on all hands. This loss of faith is partly attributable to the disastrous handling by

the navy of the submarine campaign in the late war, and partly to that ceaseless and unwearying campaign of propaganda which represents this country as no longer an island, and depicts aerial warfare in the future as a reign of terror and death which no earthly power, and least of all sea-power, can intercept or modify. So lurid and seemingly convincing is this propaganda that ardent pacifists clamour for an increase of that "air power" which, on the high and unanswerable authority of Sir Hugh Trenchard himself, can never *defend* England, though it can, and almost daily does, disgrace her in the eyes of the Mohammedan world, and which treats sabotage as inevitable in the modern world. The aerial myth, like all lies, cannot persist indefinitely. It has been exposed, once and for all, by "Neon" in "The Great Delusion," and more recently in "This Bondage," exposures which, up to the present, have been zealously guarded from the disinterested eyes of the public at large. The cruelty and futility of this aerial panic must, however, eventually be admitted; and when this deliverance from the power of a lie is accomplished, but not before, the traditional trust in the navy will return. Is it too much to ask those Englishmen who now have England's welfare at sea in their keeping to master the elementary facts of aerial warfare and thus to clear their minds of all irrelevant questions when determining our naval policy for the coming generation?

Assuming, therefore, that the navy is still to be regarded as our one sure shield in the day of adversity—a day for which we must always be prepared—is it necessary or wise, or even practicable, to resist an agreed reduction of armaments and fighting ships? Assuredly such an attitude would be the height of folly. Naval competition is a running sore, and Mr. MacDonald may rest assured that in the *material* sphere his efforts at accommodation will be welcomed, with few exceptions, by every man and woman in the land, by no means excluding naval officers whose livelihood and careers must suffer an eclipse as an outcome of such reductions.

There is, however, a haunting fear among those diminishing few who understand the basis of sea power that well-intentioned laymen may be persuaded to

agree to accommodation on *principles* of sea warfare, and that, for a transient mess of pottage, they may barter away those fruits of sea power which are summed up in the single and significant word, *Blockade*.

The principle of blockade has been surrounded with a jargon all its own, having become, alas! a jampot round which the legal profession of internationalism buzzes like a swarm of wasps. Not only have legal sophistries and hair-splittings obscured its crystal-clear principles, but in these latter years blockade has been misrepresented by such an ardent bomb-lover as Lord Thomson of Cardington as a diabolical invention of cold-blooded seamen, and more cruel than short, sharp, massacre ashore. Yet another school of advocates for the interference with the rights of blockade have recently appeared over the horizon, these new and misguided opponents basing their advocacy on the ground that England has more to lose than to gain by the retention, in her *invisible* armoury, of this mighty bloodless weapon, or more correctly speaking, policy. It is to the advent of the submarine that we owe this new perversion of English sea strategy.

Thus we have international lawyers, aerial "fans," sentimentalists (the cruellest race of human beings), and submarine bogeymen ranged on the side of interference with traditional blockade as a policy, while embracing and exceeding all these cranks we have a country disposed to barter away, quite unnecessarily, this elemental power in an un-English panic to placate the most implacable employer of blockade—the United States of America herself.

Stripped of all verbiage and carefully engineered obscurity, what does the principle of blockade imply? Just this: it implies, if the blockade is effective, a steady, cumulative pressure on, and subsequent curtailment of, the fighting resources of the blockaded power, and an increasing burden of discomfort, and thus a weakening of the will of the civilian population, an atmosphere favourable to the composing of the difference and thus of peace stripped of all hatred and blood-lust, as English history well testifies. *There is only one country in the world, with the possible exception of Japan, for*

whom effective blockade spells starvation, and that country is England. This fact disarms at one stroke those perverse sentimentalists who insistently represent the employment of blockade by England as an act of cruelty, exceeding in devilry the indiscriminate assassination of women and children by aircraft bombing. Bombing is evil in intention and futile in obtaining a decision, whereas blockade is as humane in its intention and practice as it is devastatingly effective in its results.

Who will deny that the political timidity which stripped the navy, at the bidding of America, of much of its power brought untold misery and bloodshed in its train? Did not our political cowardice enable Germany to receive in large measure those necessities for the slaughter of our contrymen and those of our Allies, as well as lead to the massacre of Germany's own sons in unnecessary thousands? It is significant that with the American entry into the war her own sons were spared the knowledge that American material was waiting to greet them "over the top," for blockade had then become a sacred right.

Can it be doubted today that Germany regrets that England did not set about depriving her at the outset of the means to continue the struggle? Blockade provides just that means of bloodless force, still admittedly needed in emergency, for which the world is so feverishly scheming, and yet, *mirabile dictu*, this great elemental power is the one of all others that there seems to be a real risk of abolishing.

Bloody reprisals by aircraft against non-combatants, Locarno Pacts, condemning children yet unborn to future massacre, are acclaimed by "the modern mind," while the legal, bloodless pressure of blockade is held up to obloquy because, forsooth, it interferes with the sacred right of a neutral to do the devil's work of feeding the furnace of slaughter.

Blockade implies a certain interference, it is true, with neutral trade because, to be effective (a necessary legal definition which precludes the mere piracy of casual and indiscriminate interference with neutrals), it must carry with it the full "right of search," and, as a necessary adjunct to the right of search, the institution of the

prize courts, the perfect integrity of which has in the past been an example which other courts of justice might well emulate, not excluding those questionable courts at Geneva and The Hague, where fear and favour reign well nigh supreme.

Blockade has, in truth, a noble tradition of law, humanity, and scrupulous integrity behind it—a tradition of the sea with which all nations, and not only England, will tamper at their peril. The reference to all nations is not just a sop thrown to Cerberus, but is, in fact, a matter of extreme concern to all of us, of whatever nationality. England, it is true, is associated most closely in the public mind with this ancient privilege of the sea; but its efficacy in circumscribing mere butchery, even at the cost of lengthening the war where it does not, as is most usual, definitely shorten or terminate it, is equally applicable to all seafaring nations. England, as a neutral, has in many instances in the past been 'victimized' in her trade with a belligerent by the declaration of blockade and the institution of the right of search. But there has been no outburst of national passion on her part, because she has had the good sense (a gift of heaven) to recognize the inherent wisdom and soundness of the policy. Her blockade runners—a high-spirited and adventurous race of seamen who, it is to be hoped, are still to be found potentially in our midst, as well as in other lands—have always run blockade at the risk of their cargoes, the safely run cargoes, presumably, compensating them for the majority which found their way into the prize courts amidst the utmost good humour on all sides.

To those ultra-modern moralists who will deplore blockade running the writer would say: For the love of heaven let us preserve some sense of humour and light-hearted adventure in this dreary, dismal, rule-ridden, artificial era. In this connection it is relevant to point out that a neutral, notwithstanding blockade, more often than not benefits by the effective blockade of one country owing to the expansion of her trade in other directions, and by the inheritance of the trade formerly carried on by both parties to the dog-fight.

It has already been remarked that naval officers have

loyally supported a reduction in the material tonnage and cost of the navy, despite the distress and premature closing of their careers that such reduction in many cases necessitates. They realize that the navy is an instrument of policy of the civil power, and that they themselves are the loyal servants of the King and country. They also know that *material*, however important, is a secondary matter in naval efficiency, and they do not forget that England possesses, and will continue to possess, a great seafaring race and matchless shipbuilding resources. These two possessions, invaluable beyond compare, will always be with us to draw upon when policy changes or the need arises. In the physical sphere of sea-power, therefore, we have less to fear from great reductions at the present time than is commonly supposed. In the transcending sphere of doctrine and practice, however, a false step now may prove irremediable, unless we keep at the back of our minds the scandalous and dishonourable intention of treating a paper agreement to limit the powers of blockade as a scrap of paper. Surely strength of purpose and perfect honesty are more in keeping with England.

Absurd as it may sound to say so, it is none the less true that the country as a whole, not sometimes excluding certain sections of the navy itself, is continually debating as to the function of the navy. Its functions, the functions of sea-power, are now a matter for inquiry and "round-table conference." Fleets do not exist to fight one another for the honour and glory of victory. They fight mainly for the power to blockade or to break or prevent blockade. Apart from this object fleets lose, for the most part, their reason for existence. Without blockade as the reward of their prowess in action, naval battles become as merely spectacular, and as useless, as those thousands of aerial battles between flying "aces" in the late war. Battles, without blockade, might well be fought in miniature in the aquarium at the Zoo. The writer, for his part, faced with the alternative of a powerful fleet shorn of blockade, and no immediate fleet in being, but with our old traditional rights of blockade intact in their entirety, would unhesitatingly choose the latter fantastic alternative, a choice which would, he believes, receive the

unqualified support of every traditional sailor of the Blue Water School in this country.

Material can always be created and assembled in emergency, slowly at first but with increasing momentum. The disaster of a false doctrine persisted in, however, cannot be retrieved by the greatest of *material* effort. How terribly true this is was well exemplified by the unfortunate handling, on false principles, of the German submarine campaign against trade. Convoy, like blockade, is a great and changeless principle of effective sea-power. No Englishman, of whatever party or persuasion, would knowingly place in jeopardy the security of his country. What malice would not do inadvertence may yet accomplish if we do not stir ourselves betimes. Blockade, with all that it implies in the right of search, condemnation of contraband cargoes, and the Prize Courts is still, and perhaps never more so than today, the key to England's future security and, if necessity arises, the means by which she can enforce her will without a repetition of that foul massacre which hangs so heavily on the conscience of us all, friends and former foes alike.

Indeed, in the return to our traditional trust in sea-power, of which the power of blockade is the natural child, lies the only hope for the country and, perhaps, for the world. To-day, as in past centuries, it is upon the Navy, under the providence of God, that the wealth, peace and prosperity of the country chiefly depend, but without blockade the Navy might as well disappear. It merely cumbers the sea and impoverishes taxpayers.

The Last Straw?

By "The Man in the Street"

We have always been regarded as a phlegmatic nation amongst our neighbours, and we certainly seem to try to live up to our reputation. Especially in matters political. If we show any excitement over some proposed legislative measure or administrative change, either in support of or in opposition to whatever it may be, it is usually in the main of the organized, or it might be said the manufactured kind, got up by certain interested or really earnest people, who manage to infect a few hundreds or thousands of their more slow-thinking fellow-citizens with their enthusiasm, and set them to repeating their shibboleths or shouting their slogans until the particular cause they have in hand has been won, or lost; after which everyone settles down again in comfortable resignation to whichever of these two results has happened. In a general way, however, we are content to leave such things to the Government of the day and Parliament. When the measure is passed, or the change made, if we notice it at all, we say either that we like it, or that we don't, and leave it at that.

Probably in the whole history of our nation, or of any other, there has not been a change more momentous in its bearings on our future than that in our Parliamentary electoral system which came into force on May 1 of this present year. And yet nobody seems to have paid any particular attention to it; certainly not so much attention as so fateful—let us trust that it may not prove fatal—a step as was involved in the change in question seems to deserve. For on that opening day of May what we actually did was to hand over the government of our country and nation to the women. Even now, so far as we may gather from our daily papers, the precise number of women over twenty-one years of age whom the latest Franchise Act has added to the register cannot be stated; but this at least can be accepted as certain, that, as things are at present, from henceforward the women's vote

will constitute the preponderating element in our national counsels and policy.

Since the new departure was made we have had an opportunity of studying its first results as evinced at the late General Election. So far, it must be admitted, those results do not appear to be very startling. There are some who have attributed the so-called debacle of the Conservative party to the imprudence of their leader in conferring the vote on an overwhelming crowd of irresponsible "flappers." But without going into the question whether the fact of their polling more votes than either of the other two parties can be rightly called a debacle, their loss of seats has been much more likely due in part to that quite ordinary circumstance of General Elections, "the swing of the pendulum," and partly, if, indeed, not mainly, to the complete disorganization of an electoral system based on a two-party idea by the appearance on the scene of a third. As a matter of fact, the last General Election was fought out very much on the same old lines of Conservatism, Liberalism, and Labour, or Socialism, as the two immediately preceding it, the only change being in the increased totals of the figures representing the support given respectively to each of the contending parties. Woman may not as yet have found her feet. As Milton describes Eve wondering at herself when first brought to life out of Adam's side, she may have paused in amaze at her new power; then, hesitating to use it to its full extent, have followed the lead of her men folk, and so left things much as they were before. As time goes on, however, we may depend on it that a change will come. It is all very well to say that in thought, in education, in habits and occupations, woman has become the equal of man, and as capable as he of forming her judgment on things political as well as on everything else. We may grant all this for the sake of argument, though many of us will probably disagree with much of it in the secrecy of our souls. But when she has realized the dominance of her political position, and formed her judgment? Aye, there seems to lie the crux of the whole matter. Woman's aspect has never been the same as man's, and, in all likelihood, never

will be. There have been, of course, and still are some women—it would not do to hurt their feelings by using the term "strong-minded" in this connection—as clear in their reasoning, as logical in their conclusions, and as open to conviction as any man: but, without questioning whether even such as these have not sometimes had their lapses, it can hardly be denied that the majority of the sex are not so gifted—if we are allowed nowadays to say that to be possessed of male attributes is to be gifted—or, indeed, that they rather pride themselves than otherwise on acting purely on what they are pleased to describe as "intuition." Are we then to look forward to a time, and that a not very distant one, when woman shall come fully into her own, and we shall be governed entirely, our domestic policy regulated, our foreign relations ordered according to her—not always consistent and very rarely permanent—intuitions?

There may be some, cynically inclined, perhaps (many of us may not agree with them the less on that account), who will say that anyhow this newest addition to the electorate cannot make us much worse off than we were before. Each successive lowering of the franchise, or widening of it, if it should be considered preferable to put it that way—always as a bid for popularity on the part of the Government for the time being—has lessened our national stability. The old not unsalutary principle that a man should have something to lose before he could claim a vote has completely given place to the less logical one that everyone who wants to get something for himself, and now herself, out of the State is entitled to a say in its government. Till even before this last development, we had already reached the point where it had become the chief care of Government, no matter of what shade of politics it might be, to keep the great and gradually preponderating mass of Have-not electors, with the army of visionaries, cranks, and self-seekers who have seen their advantage in an alliance with them, in a good temper: and this generally at the expense, and to the steady detriment, of the Haves, the staunch, sober, law-abiding members of the community who have always been the backbone of the nation.

Certainly after that it does not seem that the placing of a million more or less of young women on the register is likely to make much difference either one way or the other, whether for better or for worse.

If, however, we look more closely into the probable eventualities of this latest political advance—as its sponsors would doubtless describe it—than at its immediate effects, must it not strike some of us, at any rate, that it carries with it the presage of an end, either to the England and her Empire of which we have grown up to be so justly proud, or to the Democracy in which we have been taught so firmly to believe; if not, indeed, to both? In suggesting these no doubt somewhat alarming alternatives, no disrespect to, nor aspersions on, the new body of women voters are intended. They are but factors in the completion—or at any rate in what we may presume, and hope, is the completion—of a process which has been evolving for a great many years. And by Democracy is here meant, of course, the exaggerated, hypertrophied, it might almost be said, Gilbertian brand of it to which we, or our politicians for us, have committed our chances as a nation. One is almost inclined sometimes to wonder whether Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues, in making this final stroke towards the practical working out of the theory that it only needs to be born and survive to a certain age for a man or woman to be competent to judge of the conduct of the nation's affairs, and, what is more, to be entitled to an equal and direct vote in deciding on that conduct, no matter what may be his or her standing in life, education, experience, or responsibilities: one is inclined to wonder, indeed, whether they were not moved thereto by some subtle desire—it would be unbefitting to use the term Machiavellian in connection with anything in which so supremely honest a statesman as Mr. Baldwin has been concerned—to bring home to the nation, now that it has attained to this ultimate ideal of popular government, in what a ridiculous situation it has allowed itself to be placed.

For Mr. Baldwin, at least, has had a classical education, and he must know that the democracies of the

ancients, which those eighteenth-century philosophers who may be regarded as the founders of our modern political faith were wont to extol as the perfection of governmental systems, were not those of nations, but of cities. He is also probably aware that even those same philosophers, while yearning after the glories and felicities of the Greek City Republics, themselves fully recognized that the forms of democracy obtaining in them were not in the least suitable for the great European States. He must further have sufficient recollection of his history reading to know that wherever democratic government has been tried in all its primitive and unqualified simplicity, without any of the safeguards which the commonest knowledge of the weaknesses and vagaries of human nature would suggest, it has ended in corruption, anarchy, or despotism, or successively in all three. So far we have not consciously experienced any of these evils, though, with an overgrown and overweening bureaucracy gradually intruding itself into the minutest details of our private lives at one end of the scale, and at the other a grasping and feckless proletariat ever growing in numbers and the extortionateness of its terms for supporting any one of the three political parties in its endeavour to get control of the said bureaucracy, our present state does not seem to be wanting in some at least of the worst features of all of them. In which of them we shall find ourselves ultimately and openly involved, time alone can show; that it will be in at least one of them may be regarded as certain.

Unless the right man turns up meanwhile, and in time to stop our present drift to disaster. It is all very well to say that our English genius and common-sense will pull us through the danger, as it has done before. Even granting that our English genius has preserved its old force and savour, despite its constant adulteration with alien immigrant blood not wholly of the purest quality, our nation has always waited for a leader; not necessarily to show us what is the right way, but to put us—very often to push us—into it, and give us the means of expressing what we often have in fact had at the back of our own minds. What we really want is

a man with sufficient imagination and initiative to lift him above the common level of content with what is or resignation to what seemingly cannot be helped, sufficient courage and force of character to carry through the work to which he has set himself in the face of all doubts on the part of timorous supporters or objections and attacks from declared opponents, and above all that unquestionable single-mindedness and honesty of purpose which shall place him above all suspicion of being actuated by any motives other than the safety and good of his country. Mr. Baldwin seems at present of our public men most nearly to fulfil these requirements if he could only rid himself of his amiable but detrimental habit of disliking to hurt anyone's feelings. Failing him, we can only live in hope that England is at any rate not so wholly played out that she cannot once again in her history throw up the much-needed Joshua.

And his task when found? Mr. Baldwin himself once very neatly defined it, when in contradistinction to the catchword adopted by Mr. Lloyd George and his school that the world had to be made safe for Democracy, he substituted the more sensible dictum that what we have to do is to make Democracy safe for the world. So far, the mistake we have been making has been trying to put new wine into old bottles. The system of government by a Parliament whose members had more or less of the same interests in the common weal as those who elected them could be said to be very satisfactorily reflective of the popular will: but now that, with the multitude of diverse and conflicting sectional and even individual interests to be studied in every constituency, a member's election has come to mean nothing more than that he has persuaded a majority of his constituents —and under the new three-party conditions often not even that—that they will be more likely to get what they want from him and his party than from the others, all real representativeness has passed out of Parliament, and it has become nothing better than a registrative body for the Government's decisions. The one object of each party being to get control of the administrative machinery, it may be presumed in perfect good faith that it will be best for the country that it should do so;

to succeed in that object it is necessary to secure the greatest number of seats in Parliament. And to that end both leaders and supporters are vieing with each other in the lavishness of their promises to all and sundry, irrespective of whether they are possible of fulfilment, and still less of any harm they may do to the generality if they are fulfilled.

We may not at this time of day be able to go back on the universal franchise system, but we surely can render it less grotesque in its working, and more effective for the government of a great country—for it is still a great country, whatever it may be in another fifty years—like ours. We can hardly hope, or expect, to retain our position as the centre of a great Empire with a government ordered by the mere counting of heads, irrespective of what is in them; where the ultimate right, in fact, of deciding on questions of the most vital importance, the divine right of governance, as Dean Inge has tersely expressed it, rests in theory already, and quite possibly might do so in fact, in the odd man, or, as things are now, woman. But it cannot be out of our power to devise some way in which the crudeness, so to speak, of the universal franchise can be so refined and reduced to a condition of practical value, that while every adult shall still retain his or her privilege of recording an opinion on the questions of the day, the absurdity of its being possible for any one such opinion to bind the whole nation for better or for worse to some particular policy may be obviated.

It would savour of presumption here to propound any scheme for achieving this object. What has been aimed at has been to bring home to all true Englishmen how great and pressing is the need for one. Mussolini has found his solution for a similar problem to ours in Italy. It is not suggested that our man shall copy Mussolini's methods; he has been quoted merely to show that the reform we need is possible. But whether it is to be by circles, or electoral colleges, or whatever other machinery may be deemed most suitable to the English temperament, it is clearly imperative that the change must come soon. The Conservative party lost an appreciable amount of prestige during their late

term of power through their failure to tackle the reform of the House of Lords, owing to their leader's over-deference to the susceptibilities of some of the persons concerned. It rests with them now to regain that prestige by taking in hand and seeing through, as they alone, in their capacity of the only genuine English party, can do it, the still more important work of reforming the House of Commons, whether it means retaining their present leader, or whether it entails their finding another one. They may be certain of support from all sensible people, and such demur as may come from the others will die down as soon as the change has become a *fait accompli*: as witness the tame way in which the present Parliament Act has been accepted.

But whatever the objections, whatever the opposition which may be made to the change when it is first brought on to the field of practical politics, it must without doubt be made if we are to go on as a first-class nation and Empire. At present the sole principle on which our government is being carried on is that the constant supply of sops to the many-headed multitude must be maintained: a repetition, in fact, of the *panem et circenses* of the decaying Roman Empire. This method of keeping things quiet may work to all apparent satisfaction so long as we remain solvent; but when we are no longer so: when the present taxable classes have been sucked to the marrow, or have transferred their savings or their businesses elsewhere to preserve what remains of them: when a generation of the so-called wage-earning classes has come to maturity with no desire to earn wages, and seeing no reason why it should exert itself to earn them while, as they have been given to understand, they can get all they want for the asking: and one day the nation wakes up to the fact that all its savings are exhausted and no fresh money is forth-coming because there is no production or trade worth speaking of: then the *panis et circenses* will stop, and there will follow—chaos.

The Economic Education of the British People

By Herbert G. Williams, M.Sc., A.M.I.C.E.

(Late Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade.)

WHEN as a boy I first began to take an interest in politics, I found that the main political preoccupations of my elders related almost entirely to constitutional questions and questions of foreign affairs, while economic discussions played but a small part in these discussions. Once a year, perhaps, there would be animated discussions before Budget time, centreing round speculation as to the grave possibility of the income tax being increased or decreased by 1d. in the pound. Occasionally this grave economic crisis would be transferred from the greybeards to their spouses, because of a hint of a rise of ½d. or 1d. in the pound on the tax on tea. For the rest of the year economic discussions were relatively quiet, because there was a general acceptance of the principle that certain learned people known as "political economists" had worked out once for all the fundamental conditions, and that all business was regulated in accordance with these fixed laws, and, accordingly, not much was to be gained by arguments on the subject. I well remember hearing someone comment adversely on the speech of a local Member of Parliament on the ground that he rather degraded the political platform by talking about matters such as industry and commerce.

On the other hand, though foreign politics are a frequent subject of discussion, one hears little about constitutional problems to-day and the political situation is dominated by economic arguments, much of the discussions on foreign politics being really an extension of the economic arguments from the domestic to the international sphere.

The rise of the Socialist Party and the inauguration of Joseph Chamberlain's Campaign for Tariff Reform, which were largely contemporaneous events, were the initial causes of diverting discussion into the sphere of

economics, and the wide spread disturbance caused by the War tended to make economic problems the main political issues of the last ten years.

While every student of political economy would agree that there are large fields of uncertainty so far as economic theory is concerned, yet there is, in my opinion, little doubt of the truth of the main principles on which business and its hand-maiden banking should be conducted. On the other hand, there are great masses of enthusiastic people who deny what I believe to be fundamental truths and those people in the main are Socialists.

The growth of the Socialist Party, which carries on business under the title of The Labour Party, is the product of discontent, much of it legitimate, associated with an amazing want of clear economic thinking.

I am an opponent of Socialism, because I believe that the thorough-going application of its principles would destroy individual liberty and lower the standard of living. If I, therefore, in common with vast numbers of others believe this to be true, then clearly it is our duty to endeavour to explain to those who hold the Socialist view why that view is unsound, and this can only be done by widespread education in the elementary principles of political economy. There are some people who doubt whether it is possible to achieve this, but I am one of the optimists, because I find that the ordinary person is always very willing to listen to an explanation of these principles provided that they are presented in a simple and not too dull a form.

The difficulty of the task of economic education seems to lie in the fact that the degree of ignorance of political economy increases the higher that one goes in the ranks of the Socialists. Nine years ago I was adopted as prospective Conservative candidate for the Wednesbury Division of Staffordshire and not long after my adoption it happened that an acute slump occurred in trade, from the evil effects of which we are still suffering. The foreign exchange position was then a very serious one, and the credit system here was in a rather grave situation. Accordingly, at the meetings which I addressed at the street corners with a ginger-beer box as the rostrum (and

in parenthesis I should like to say I always prefer the ginger-beer box to the soap box because it is more heavily constructed) I endeavoured to explain why it was rates of exchange fluctuated and why it was the bank rate went up and down, and I found that these street-corner audiences were very interested and appeared to be able to appreciate without difficulty the principles involved. Some time after I had begun this work of street corner economic education, the constituency was honoured by a visit from Mr. Ernest Bevin, the well-known Trade Union leader, who had come to address a public meeting in support of the sitting Socialist M.P. Mr. Bevin had apparently been informed that I had been talking about these matters at the street corner and he caused the greatest possible delight amongst the Socialist enthusiasts who had gathered to hear him by saying " the bank rate did not interest any of his hearers, because he saw more queues outside the labour exchanges than outside the Bank of England." It was really deplorable that a man of his position in the Trade Union world should be capable of making a statement which indicated such colossal want of knowledge. However, my hopes of the possibility of the economic education of the higher ranks of the Socialist Party were raised when I read in the *Daily Herald* of September 27, 1929, an interview with Mr. Ernest Bevin, in the course of which he said " high bank rate and restricted credit added enormously to the volume of unemployment." Eight years all but two days elapsed between the two statements. Then a few days later Mr. Philip Snowden addressed the Annual Conference of the Labour Party in a speech which in the main contained a very well expressed explanation of the whole matter, coupled with a certain amount of special pleading which was for the moment politically necessary. The effect of Mr. Snowden's speech would suggest that Mr. Ernest Bevin had been, if anything, rather over-educated as to the significance of the bank rate, for Mr. Snowden quite properly said that the serious thing was the restriction of credit and that the increase in the bank rate was really the device for curing the disease.

Since the Armistice I have given as many lectures indoors and out-of-doors on the general principles of

economics as, perhaps, any other person in the country. I do not by this mean to suggest that I have made more political speeches than anyone else, but what I mean to imply is that a larger proportion of my speeches have consisted of lectures on economic principles rather than mere attacks on the policies of those with whom I happen to disagree. I am perfectly satisfied from my experience in this direction that the public are very interested to listen to the speech which is in the form of a lecture, provided always that it is not given in the dry-as-dust manner which unfortunately is so often regarded as the necessary concomitant of economic instruction. At the present moment, under the auspices of the Anti-Socialist Union I am giving a series of lectures for the purpose of inducing those who attend the lectures, themselves to undertake the work of the economic education of that very numerous proportion of the population which from time to time attends public meetings. I am quite satisfied that the effort is worth while; I am quite satisfied that success is possible, provided that a sufficiently large number of people will be willing to undertake the work.

Of course lectures alone are not sufficient to enable people to study any subject. The real function of the lecturer is to erect sign-posts to guide the student along the road that he should travel, and unless the student in addition to attending lectures is also prepared to read and think for him- or herself, it is impossible to obtain a real grasp of any subject. Perhaps one only ultimately gets a firm grasp of any subject on beginning to write and speak about it, for the purpose of seeking to instruct others.

In ordinary conversation I find that everybody has heard of the law of supply and demand and they state it incompletely when they say that when things are scarce, the price goes up; when things are plentiful, the price goes down, and they omit to present the other side of that great generalization of any economic truth, namely, that when things are dear, a great stimulus is given to increased production, which in turn leads to plenty and this in turn to lower prices.

If we could induce the great mass of the people to realise not merely the one side but the two sides of the

law of supply and demand, we should be saved a great deal of trouble, many unnecessary agitations, including the senseless demands which arise from time to time when the price of some commodity happens to go up unusually, that the Government of the day should commit the gigantic folly of seeking to restrict prices. If any Government did this, they would merely perpetuate the shortage indefinitely. Unfortunately, this kind of economic error is sustained by the recollection of the War, when a Ministry of Food was set up, one of whose purposes was to restrict prices. What people overlook is that at that time by its action in making war and by its acts for the successful pursuance of warlike operations the Government was faced with a position in which the free flow of our materials was restricted, as was also the free movement of labour and capital, thus making it impossible for high prices to bring about their natural result of increased supplies of commodities.

I have concluded my article by one particular piece of economic argument, because I believe that the full appreciation of that economic argument is the chief task that we have to undertake.

The Australian Labour Party*

By F. A. W. Gisborne

It is an extraordinary thing that in Australia, which might accurately be called a "Labour" country, since almost all its adult, able-bodied inhabitants consist of workers, a political party bearing the distinctive—and deceptive—title of "Labour" should have come into existence. Since class distinctions of a social kind are not to be found in the Commonwealth, and the utmost freedom of opportunity for all prevails there, one would expect that the political atmosphere would be free from the pollution of class animosities. This unhappily is not the case, as it is in the United States. The Australian Labour Party is essentially a class party, and it depends for support almost entirely on the great organizations of manual workers. It is the political product and instrument of trade unionism; nearly all its representatives in Parliament have graduated as union officials, and some, such as Senator Barnes, the President of the Australian Workers' Union, by far the largest organization of its kind in the Commonwealth, are prominent members of the industrial oligarchy. As the most recent statistics show that there are now 369 trade unions in the Commonwealth, with a total membership of 911,652, nearly one-sixth of the entire population, the forces behind the Labour Party, numerically considered, are very formidable. It may be added that the great majority of the 200,000 recipients of old age and invalid pensions, for reasons not wholly admirable, usually vote for Labour; and the trade unionist legions are followed by a rabble of unemployables, degenerates and "have-nots" of all descriptions attracted by the prospect of plunder, and eager to share the spoils of victory.

"Labour" is certainly a misnomer when applied to the party in Australia bearing that name. For the strongest opponents of the party are to be found among those classes whose members perform the hardest work, and render the most valuable services to the country. Farmers, pastoralists, business and professional men and

* This article, by one of the most acute observers of Australian affairs, was, of course, written before the elections in October.

brainworkers of all descriptions both distrust and despise the average Labour politician. The Nationalist and Country Parties, which have joined forces against Labour, represent respectively the more cultured and capable elements in the towns and the whole body of primary producers. Among independent wage-earners of all kinds the political and industrial tyranny of trade unionism is also bitterly resented. Ever since Communism established its evil ascendancy in some of the largest Australian trade unions, signs of revolt even in those bodies have been visible. It is quite possible that ultimately the Communist plotters will find the weapons on which they relied to overthrow the social edifice recoil against them and hasten their own destruction.

Before federation came, Labour, as a political party, exercised but little influence over legislation in Australia. A restricted franchise and the checks imposed by Second Chambers, either nominated or elected by the more prosperous class of voters, effectually protected the rights of property from predatory attacks. Only in a few industrial centres was it possible for the organized wage-earners to return their own special representatives to Parliament. In those days, when public life offered no pecuniary inducements to the representatives of minorities, and had no attractions for indigent and unscrupulous ability, the average Labour politician was a man of high personal character, moderate in his views and, though often lacking in adequate knowledge of economic laws, and disposed to form too exalted estimates of the rights and virtues of those whose claims he advocated, was thoroughly disinterested and sincere. His political complexion was free from an unwholesome redness, and his mind was not infected with the poison of class hatred. It is noticeable that nearly all the pioneers of the political Labour movement in Australia afterwards either voluntarily retired from it, or were expelled; and some time later became its most uncompromising opponents.

Federation enormously strengthened the Labour Party in Australia, and at the same time weakened its morale. Just as the French Revolution placed within the reach of every private soldier in the armies of the Republic the bâton of a Marshal of France, so the creation of the

Commonwealth opened the gates of political opportunity to the humblest Australian toiler. But, unfortunately, in democratic politics, unlike the military profession, real ability, knowledge and merit are often subordinated to voluble self-assertiveness and flexibility of principle. Macaulay's remarks on the demoralization which accompanied the triumph of Puritanism in England might be applied to the influence of success on the morale of the Australian Labour Party. The ranks of the latter became filled with self-seekers, plausible charlatans and popular tribunes of the Thersites type, when a seat in Parliament, and unquestioning obedience to the managers of the party machine, meant the enjoyment of handsome incomes and perquisites, with the prospect of well-paid permanent Government appointments. That these undesirable developments would follow the adoption of the Federal Constitution, drafted at the last Convention, was foreseen by many of those who voted against it at the final referendum. For the Constitution rendered Demos supreme in Australia by creating a legislature both of whose Chambers were elected simultaneously on the widest possible franchise without any discrimination whatever in regard to eligibility either in the case of voter or candidate. Duality of form was thus combined with unity of political sentiment. The fabric of government, to borrow a vivid expression used by Acton in one of his Essays on the French Revolution, was established entirely on the "quicksands of fluttering majorities." Not a single safeguard was provided to restrain hasty innovation or to protect the rights of minorities. These fundamental defects, which destroyed all hopes of political stability in Australia, and placed a preponderating share of political power in the hands of the particular section of the community that was least capable of using it wisely, led to direful political and economic consequences. Even in the management of the affairs of nations intelligence, rectitude and knowledge count for something. In their blind worship of numbers the founders of the Australian Commonwealth forgot that inequalities in regard to mental and moral endowments are not removed by the simple method of giving every citizen the vote, and that the mob mind can scarcely be expected to form wise decisions on national questions.

It should be emphasized that at the time of Federation Australia was in a thoroughly prosperous condition. Costs of living were low, taxation was comparatively light, industries, both primary and secondary, were thriving, and the capital needed for development was easily obtainable from abroad. Above all, there was a general feeling of security, and the evil spirit of class hatred was practically non-existent. During the last decade of the nineteenth century, certainly, there had been a few industrial disturbances, the strikes of the Queensland shearers and the maritime engineers being the worst. Far more devastating outbreaks of the kind, however, have occurred within the last five years than during the fifty preceding Federation. At the very moment when the ship was entering the haven of prosperity, the unruly sailors tore open the gift of Æolus and let loose the winds of strife. Federal legislation of a flagrantly class kind, in the main directly or indirectly prompted by the Labour Party, worked incalculable economic mischief, and, what was worse, caused bitter enmities among the classes engaged in industry.

The malign influence exercised by the Labour Party over Federal legislation during the last twenty years has been indirect rather than direct. At first, as a third party in the Federal Parliament, by selling its support to the highest bidder in return for concessions, Labour enjoyed a very large share of power without any responsibility. Some of the most pernicious enactments ever placed on the Commonwealth Statute Book were the work of a Parliament in which a Liberal protectionist Government, whose followers formed but a minute minority in the House of Representatives, depended for its existence on the votes of twenty-seven Labour members, who practically dictated legislation. This demoralizing state of things came to an end when at last the two sections of the Liberal Party combined to resist the common enemy. But by that time Labour had perfected both its political and industrial organization, and its representatives, or, rather, delegates, in Parliament were bound by pledges which made them the mere slaves of the party machine. The latter, being largely controlled by industrial militarists and Communists, adopted the policy of assisting its agents in Parliament by making use of the strike

weapon. Australian politicians are extremely nervous about industrial upheavals, and up to a quite recent period the threat of a general strike could always be used with effect to protect the privileges of the trade unions. Mr. Bruce is the first Prime Minister in the Commonwealth who has had the courage to make a serious attempt to restrain the lawless proceedings of those arrogant bodies. At present two serious strikes are in progress in Australia, those of the timber workers and coalminers, and both undoubtedly have been instigated by Labour extremists as reprisals for the passing of the Transport Workers Act and the well-deserved punishment inflicted last year on the defiant waterside workers. The alliance between Labour politicians and militant industrialists, or, rather, the dependence of the former on the latter, is one of the worst features in the political situation in Australia today.

That Communism, temporarily at least, has gained a very powerful, if not dominant, influence in Labour circles in Australia is undeniable, though that influence is exercised indirectly, and chiefly in the domain of industry. The truth of Mirabeau's saying that ten resolute men aiming at a single object can control one hundred thousand has often been proved in history, and its accuracy is now demonstrated only too forcibly in the Commonwealth. The avowed Communists there, although but a comparative handful, have secured for themselves important positions in the juntas which dominate the trade unions, and also those which control the machinery for selecting Labour candidates before elections. Ex-Senator Gardiner, one of the ablest members of the Labour Party, who lost his seat in the Senate at the last General Election through defying the party machine and standing as an independent candidate, thus described the tactics employed by the "Reds" to coerce their moderate rivals. "The Red groups now in charge of the Australian Labour Party," he declared, "have established a reign of terror among the union officials at the Trades Hall. Many of these officials are only waiting an opportunity to throw off the Red yoke, but any expression of opinion, or suspicion of a move to organize would immediately mark them down for the worst forms of intimidation." The same speaker emphasized the sinister association which now exists between

the leaders of the group referred to and the revolutionary cosmopolitan body, controlled by the Moscow Government, known as the Pan-Pacific Secretariat, of which the Secretary of the Australian Council of Trade Unions is a member. This man is also Secretary of the Sydney Labour Council, the leading party organization in New South Wales. The methods of persuasion to which the Red militarists resort during strikes were illustrated by certain bomb-throwing incidents which occurred during the disturbances on the Australian water-front last year.

The official programme of the Labour Party bears the clear impress of the Red hand. The main objective of the party is declared to be "the socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." This wearisome formula, no doubt, expresses the aspiration of a certain number of persons of imperfect intelligence, but even the wildest of Labour's wild men would not attempt to make it fully operative. It would, indeed, be a rash Government that attempted to "socialize" the properties of Australian farmers. But while, from motives of prudence, an Australian Socialist Government would carefully avoid a policy of direct spoliation, it would certainly do much mischief by indirect means. The nationalization of both banking and shipping, for instance, has long been advocated by prominent Labour politicians. After their painful experience of the working of the defunct line of Commonwealth steamers Australian taxpayers might well shudder at the prospect of scores of Government vessels, manned by seamen receiving the salaries of ambassadors, running between Australian seaports and competing with British and foreign steamers in the oversea trade. The great financial interests represented by the banking companies could probably look after themselves, but other encroachments on the field of private enterprise would certainly be attempted, if only for the reason that a Labour Ministry would find it necessary to provide comfortable jobs for a whole army of needy place-hunters.

In regard to constitutional reform the jurists of the Labour Party can hardly be accused of an excess of moderation. Their programme includes proposals for the conversion of every State Parliament into a kind of magnified County Council, destitute of all sovereign powers and limited in the main to the exercise of ad-

ministrative functions. State Governors are to be ordered off and the Senate is to be abolished. A single Chamber elected by universal adult suffrage is to control the destinies of the Commonwealth. The authors of this comprehensive scheme of unification overlooked, however, one consideration of some importance. Its accomplishment would speedily be followed by the dissolution of the Commonwealth itself. Deprived of the small amount of protection from the depredations of the larger States they now enjoy through equality of representation in the Senate, the less populous States, already greatly dissatisfied with the Federal connection, would certainly secede. It is very doubtful, too, whether the superior classes in Victoria and New South Wales would long tolerate the unrestrained domination of hordes of demagogues discharged from the political sewers of Melbourne and Sydney. A country cannot be governed permanently by its tail rather than head.

On Imperial questions and those connected with national defence the official views of Labour in Australia combine a superfluity of ignorant self-confidence with an economy of patriotism. While perfectly willing that the Navy maintained by the taxpayers of Great Britain should continue to bestow free protection on the Commonwealth, Labour politicians claim for the latter unfettered control of its foreign as well as domestic policy. The former claim, if conceded, might lead to serious results. The gross affronts offered lately to Italian immigrants by members of Australian trade unions suggest possible causes of international friction which may hereafter arise. A Labour Government, the servant of the unions, would find it very difficult to appease any foreign Government should it interfere on behalf of its persecuted nationals. Representations would then probably be made to the Imperial Government. The "White Australia" policy also, in itself, might be regarded at any time as a *casus belli* by a powerful Asiatic nation.* Judging by their utterances,

* Another possible cause of future trouble is to be found in the mandate exercised by the Commonwealth over New Guinea and the adjacent islands. The recent rich gold discoveries made there are likely to stimulate the desire of many influential Germans to recover at least some of the forfeited possessions of their country.

Labour leaders in Australia calmly claim that the Commonwealth should enjoy all the advantages of the Imperial connection both in peace and war, without sharing any of its responsibilities. That their followers, however, do not entertain these ignoble views the fact that many thousands of Australian trade unionists served bravely at Gallipoli and in France during the late war sufficiently testifies.

It is a strange thing that the very men who are most active in inciting industrial strife in the Commonwealth should profess an utter abhorrence of war, and a profound faith in the League of Nations as an instrument for maintaining the world's peace. The same spirit of ignoble pacifism is revealed in a proposal which finds considerable favour in advanced Labour circles that, in the event of Great Britain becoming involved in war, the question whether Australia should take part in it or not should be decided by a popular referendum. The enemy, it is complacently assumed, would patiently await the decision, and respect Australian neutrality in the very unlikely event of a majority deciding in favour of peace with dishonour. So far as home defence goes, the Labour Party is officially pledged to the entire abolition of compulsory military training. Apart from the British Navy, to whose support they are not willing to contribute sixpence, leading Labour politicians are prepared to rely on an air fleet of moderate dimensions and a few submarines and cruisers for the security of Australia. They take for granted that the coloured races of Asia will submissively acquiesce in their perpetual exclusion from a neighbouring continent, the northern portion of which is practically empty. Their confidence in the sanctity of political doctrines unsupported by adequate physical force may some day receive a severe shock.

The economic ideas prevailing in official Labour circles, and embodied in the party programme, are childish in the extreme. A self-contained Australia producing so far as possible everything its inhabitants require is regarded as essential to national well-being. The importation of commodities from oversea countries, Labour economists affirm, must be checked by a very high tariff, and in some cases entirely prohibited; provided, it is whimsically added, Australian manufacturers pay wages at rates deemed satisfactory by the unions and

sell their goods at reasonable prices. How Australia would dispose of her surplus wool, wheat, etc., were imports shut out, or greatly reduced, is not explained. Labour politicians in Australia at the present time entirely fail to perceive the interdependence of the interests of all classes of the community. The main object at which they profess to aim is the raising of the workers' standard of living. Nevertheless, they entirely ignore the elementary fact that a high standard of living demands the maintenance of an equally high standard of efficiency, for the latter is essential to cheap production and low costs of living. Tariffs and Arbitration Courts are powerless to secure for the worker the permanent enjoyment of benefits which he does not earn by honest service. One of the worst features of the Labour movement in Australia now is the disregard shown by its leaders for elementary moral as well as economic considerations. While they encourage the most extravagant claims put forward by the unions for increased wages and reduced hours of work, they carefully refrain from reminding the wage-earners of their obligations to their employers and the community. Wanton strikes, acts of sabotage and intimidation, and nefarious "go-slow" practices are passed over by them without a word of reprobation. By its attitude of servility towards the worst elements in the trade unions the Australian Labour Party is steadily losing the respect of all moderate unionists as well as the general public. Unless Communist influences in its ranks be soon destroyed, a schism is certain to occur in the near future.

A general survey of the legislative and industrial activities of the Labour Party during the last quarter of a century fully justifies the statement that it has seriously undermined the very foundations of national stability. It is a political excrescence, the product mainly of morbid political and economic conditions. The unfair encouragement given to the secondary industries, by bringing multitudes of urban workers under baneful demagogic influences, has undoubtedly tended both to strengthen and to corrupt the Labour movement in the Commonwealth. A far wiser policy would have been to allow economic laws free play and to refrain from favouring unessential industries at the expense of those that were essential. The fruits of ultra-protection are

now to be seen in the evils of excessive urbanization, agricultural stagnation, and industrial and political unrest. Australia needs pre-eminently a rural population strong enough to restrain the abuses of trade unionism and to protect the country producer from the predatory attacks of the great manufacturing interests established in the towns. Neither in Canada nor in the United States, countries where the natural balance of classes and industries has not been disturbed by unwise legislation, is a Labour Party to be found. There is no excuse whatever for the existence of such a party in Australia, where the franchise affords the amplest protection to the legitimate claims of the wage-earners.

A marked and lamentable decline in legislative ability, dignity of procedure and general moral tone has attended the growth of the influence of the Labour Party in all the Australian Parliaments. The orgy of experimental and so-called "humanitarian" legislation in which Parliaments such as those of Queensland and, during the squalid Lang regime, New South Wales have indulged when Labour Governments were in power has brought on the people of Australia enormous financial loss and, worse still, has seriously weakened the morale of the workers, who have been taught by their interested political mentors to rely on their votes rather than their efforts for the improvement of their condition. The wholesome ancient maxim, which might well be inscribed, after the fashion of Harpagon's frugal admonition, in letters of gold over the doors of all Chambers of legislation, especially in democratic countries, "ubi plurimæ leges, ibi pessima respublica," has been persistently ignored by Labour politicians, who have almost succeeded in legislating Australian industry to death. Sooner or later the average wage-earner in the Commonwealth will perceive that he cannot live by Acts of Parliament alone. He may be fooled for some time, but he cannot be fooled for all the time. The political philanthropist will have to answer to thousands of disillusioned workers, who will have learned by painful experience that humanitarian enactments, no matter how praiseworthy the motives of their authors, tend to diminish rather than increase human happiness when not in harmony with economic and moral laws. As soon as that lesson has been fully mastered, political conditions in Australia will undergo a wholesome change.

British Policy and the Palestine Mandate

By Captain C. D. Brunton

RECENT events in Palestine have proved that, in spite of the apparent tranquillity which has reigned there since the last serious outbreaks in 1920 and in 1921, the fires of racial antagonism were only smouldering beneath the surface, ready to burst into flame at the least provocation. For some years past official optimism and Zionist assurances might have led us to believe that the non-Jewish population was gradually settling down to appreciate the benefits which the establishment of a National Home for the Jews in Palestine was supposed to confer upon them. This has not been the case. The non-Jewish population, which we may designate as Arab, has never ceased to fear and hate Zionism and to distrust British policy and the Mandate under which Palestine is administered.

The Commission of Inquiry into the Jaffa outbreak of May 1921 found that the fundamental cause of unrest was "the feeling among the Arabs of discontent with, and hostility to, the Jews, due to political and economic causes, and connected with Jewish immigration and with their conception of Zionist policy as derived from Jewish exponents."* The recent disturbances had no other fundamental cause, whatever the immediate occasion of the explosion may have been, and, by limiting the terms of reference of the present Commission of Inquiry so as to exclude any major question of policy, the British Government appears unwilling to acknowledge or to face the real causes of unrest in Palestine. The Commission is "to inquire into the immediate causes which led to the recent outbreak in Palestine, and to make recommendations as to the steps necessary to avoid a recurrence." But the "immediate causes" are of little moment in comparison with the fundamental causes, for, while the latter remain, it will be, indeed,

* White Paper, Cmd. 1,540, 1921.

difficult to take any steps which will "avoid a recurrence" of trouble. The fundamental causes of the unrest in Palestine are to be found in Zionism, in British policy, and in the Mandate.

Zionist leaders have left no doubt about the aim of Zionism, which is "to make Palestine as Jewish as England is English" (Dr. Weizmann); to "have a solidly Jewish Palestine" (Judge Rosenblatt); to have "only one National Home in Palestine, and that a Jewish one, and no equality in partnership between Jews and Arabs, but a Jewish predominance as soon as the numbers of that race are sufficiently increased" (Dr. Eder). These are quite honest and definite declarations of Zionist aims, and the Arabs accept them as such and therefore see in Zionism a menace to their own racial, political, and economic survival in a land which has been owned and inhabited by them for nearly one thousand three hundred years.

British policy in Palestine was defined in the Balfour Declaration of November 1917 as the intention of the British Government to use its best endeavours to establish a National Home for the Jewish people in Palestine, provided that nothing shall be done to prejudice the civil and religious rights of the existing non-Jewish populations nor the political status of Jews in other countries. The *political rights* of the non-Jewish populations in Palestine are not mentioned, though care was taken to safeguard those of Jews in other countries. British policy was again defined in a declaration made by Sir Herbert Samuel, when High Commissioner in Palestine, after the serious outbreak in 1921. That declaration contained assurances that the British Government would not act in a manner which the Arabs had reason to think contrary to their interests, and held out the prospect that they would be given means to ensure "a free and authoritative expression of popular opinion." In 1922 Mr. Churchill, as Colonial Secretary, stated that British policy with regard to Palestine was the establishment there of some of the Jews "within the limits fixed by numbers and the interests of the present population." Further, Mr. Amery, when Colonial Secretary, told an Arab deputation during his visit to Jerusalem in

1925 that the British Government was "actuated first and foremost by its duty towards the people of Palestine as a whole." British policy would therefore appear to offer sufficient assurances to allay Arab fears of Zionist domination in Palestine. But the Arabs nevertheless distrust that policy for two reasons:

(1) Because they consider that in practice it does not bear out its precepts.

(2) Because it is the Mandate which must govern British policy in Palestine, and not various interpretations of the Balfour Declaration.

Let us briefly consider these two reasons.

(1) Under Turkish rule the Arabs of Palestine enjoyed representative parliamentary institutions. Under British rule they have been denied any effective voice in the government of their country, though large measures of autonomy have been granted to Iraq and Trans-Jordania. In 1922 a Constitution was, indeed, framed for Palestine, but the Arab majority of 86 per cent. of the population was to be under-represented in it by over 40 per cent., and the Arabs therefore rejected this offer, as they also did that of an Arab Agency which would have put the indigenous Arab majority on an equality with the immigrant Jewish minority represented by a Jewish Agency. Decisions of great importance to the "people of Palestine as a whole" have been repeatedly taken by the British Government in consultation with the Zionist leaders, but over the heads of the Arabs and in spite of their strong protests. The granting of the Rutenberg and Dead Sea concessions are examples of this, which aroused considerable adverse criticism in the House of Commons at the time.

Palestine is a small country inhabited by an Arabic-speaking people who are more or less the descendants of the original inhabitants of the land, over whom many waves of conquest have passed, leaving them always rooted to their native soil. The Arab invasion in the seventh century Islamized the majority (though a considerable portion has remained Christian) and implanted the Arab tongue and Arab customs. The population, however, is not truly Arab, like the nomadic Bedouin east of the Jordan, but a settled peasantry indigenous to the soil,

which is owned by individuals or by village communities. There is little derelict land of any value, and the State lands (remains of the domains of former Turkish Sultans) are cultivated by tenant peasants. The Zionists claim that these State lands should be ceded to them. They purchase what land they can by private bargain and have thus founded a considerable number of colonies. But the land available for Zionist colonization is limited, for, although some of the Arab landowners are willing to sell their land, the great majority of the peasants have no desire to part with their patrimony. Industrially the country cannot at present support a rapidly increasing population. Continued Jewish immigration has led to unemployment in the towns, and the Arabs consider that it is adversely affecting economic and social conditions throughout the country. In spite of this the Zionist leaders continue to press for ever-increasing immigration, for their aim is to bring about Jewish predominance as soon as possible. Hitherto the question of immigration has been settled between the British Government and the Zionist leaders without reference to the Arabs, though the question vitally concerns the people of Palestine as a whole. The Arabs see in this immigration a rising tide which threatens to engulf them. The principal Arab grievance therefore against British policy is the fact that they are debarred from any effective voice in the government of their country and in decisions of vital importance to their own racial, political, and economic future.

(2) The British Government administers Palestine under a Mandate from the League of Nations, the terms of which it is bound to execute. Article 1 of that Mandate confers upon the mandatory full powers of legislation and administration save as limited by the terms of the Mandate. Article 2 directs that the mandatory shall place Palestine under such conditions as to secure the establishment of a Jewish National Home, develop self-governing institutions, and safeguard the rights of the inhabitants. (The Balfour Declaration only pledged the British Government to use its "best endeavours" to establish a National Home, while the Mandate obliges us to "secure" it.) Article 3 enjoins encouragement of

local autonomy, " so far as circumstances may permit." Articles 4, 6, 7, 11, 22, and 23 define measures to be taken for the establishment of a Jewish National Home, including co-operation with a Jewish Agency; facilitating Jewish immigration; encouragement of the close settlement of Jews on the land (including State lands); enactment of a nationality law, etc. Article 28 is important. It provides for arrangements to be made by the Council of the League of Nations " in the event of the termination of the Mandate " to guarantee the rights connected with the Holy Places (Articles 13 and 14) and for securing " that the Government of Palestine will fully honour the financial obligations legitimately incurred by the administration of Palestine during the period of the Mandate."

We see, therefore, that the Mandate encourages the development of self-governing institutions, directs certain measures to be taken to *secure* the establishment of a National Home for the Jews, and finally provides for a time when the *administration* of Palestine will be superseded by a *Government* of Palestine. But the self-government which is envisaged in the Mandate cannot be that of the population of Palestine as at present constituted with its large Arab majority, for, if it were, Articles 4, 6, 7, 11, 22, and 23 would not be accepted, at least in their present form, by such a Government. The self-governing institutions and future Government of Palestine referred to in the Mandate must therefore be based upon a population of different composition from the present one—i.e. a population which by means of increasing immigration will have become predominantly Jewish. A logical interpretation of the terms of the Mandate therefore shows it to be apparently more in accord with Zionist aims than with the declared intentions of British policy. Here lies the other reason for Arab distrust and opposition.

The present situation in Palestine may be summed up briefly as follows. The British Government, in order to carry out the terms of the Mandate and its own policy, considers it necessary to exclude the non-Jewish population—more than three-quarters of the inhabitants of Palestine—from all effective participation in the govern-

ment of the country. Because of this and because they believe that British policy and the Mandate constitute a serious menace to their future, the Arabs remain bitterly opposed to both. Assurances that the British Government is "actuated first and foremost by its duty to the people of Palestine as a whole" are useless, because the Arabs see that, in practice, their political rights are denied them and important economic concessions in the country are disposed of against their will in the interests of Zionism.

Since the recent disturbances the Zionist leaders have made strong representations that immediate measures should be taken to facilitate Jewish immigration on as vast a scale as possible and to realize all the conditions for the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine. The Arab leaders, on the other hand, demand the setting up of a form of government in which all sections of the population shall be represented in proportion to their numbers, and that this Government should control legislation and economic concessions and regulate Jewish immigration according to the capacity of the country; that the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine should be abandoned, and that there should be political, economic, and administrative equality for all without distinction of race or religion.

What policy can the British Government pursue in face of such diametrically opposed demands and in view of the state of unrest and racial antagonism in Palestine, of which recent events are only another and sanguinary proof? Our policy in the past has led to serious bloodshed on four occasions during our twelve years of occupation, and will inevitably lead to it again if continued. It is not sufficient for British Ministers to declare the inviolability of the pledge contained in the Balfour Declaration and their loyalty to the Mandate. They must sooner or later face the fact, however unpleasant, that our policy in Palestine is mistaken and urgently requires amendment. A carefully chosen and impartial Commission (such as the Simon Commission for India) should be appointed to inquire into the whole Palestine question and the political, administrative, and economic aspects of both Zionist and Arab demands and

aims; to arrive at a definite and exact interpretation of the terms of the Mandate; and, finally, to advise what measures could be taken to set up a form of Government which would satisfy to a very considerable extent the reasonable demands of the non-Jewish population of Palestine, and guarantee their political, civil, and religious rights without breaking the pledge contained in the Balfour Declaration to use our best endeavours to establish a National Home for the Jewish people.

In December 1921 the writer had occasion to express the following view on the situation in Palestine, and it appears to him to be as true today as it was eight years ago :—

> A liberal Constitution for Palestine is the one measure which may avert serious trouble and restore to a great extent the confidence of the Arabs in the British Government. . . . Such a Constitution would have an excellent effect in removing Arab distrust of, and opposition to, British policy and moderate Zionism. Any less liberal Constitution would only serve as a further irritant to a population already in a state of dangerous resentment and who believe themselves to be the victims of a great injustice.

A Study of Kuomintang Propaganda

By J. O. P. Bland

THE Chinese have a proverbial phrase about jumping on the weak and agreeing with the strong, which has always been a guiding principle of their foreign policy. Together with the equally guiding principle of setting one barbarian against another it covers practically all the ground of China's International relations. Such being the case, there is nothing very remarkable in the increasing audacity with which, since the Great War, her rulers at home and diplomats abroad have persistently jumped on the Treaty Powers. Given the situation and the opportunities which confronted them at the Washington Conference, nothing else was to be expected. Young China, at no time modest, was encouraged to develop the overbearing conceit which it has since displayed, from the fact that America, the rich and powerful, had endorsed its aspirations *coram mundo*, and that Japan had been obliged to subscribe to the self-denying ordinances of the Washington Agreements. Russia, the hereditary foe, was obviously *hors de combat*, England and France were not likely to embark upon Far Eastern adventures. The politicians of the Kuomintang might therefore rest assured that, for some time to come, none of the Powers would move a ship or a man to prevent or resent injury. This assurance gained ground rapidly in the minds of the student class and professional politicians, with increasingly unpleasant results, but it was not until Sun Yat-sen's political education had been taken in hand by Comrade Borodin that the agitation for the expropriation and eviction of the foreigner assumed the definite direction which has since found violent expression in its slogans.

It is well to bear this fact in mind, because the imposing edifice of make-believe constructed by Chiang Kai-shek and his friends depends largely for its stability on convincing the world of the sincerity of the Cult of

Sun Yat-sen and his Three Principles. It has lately been the first concern of the Kuomintang's spokesmen and publicists at home and abroad to inculcate the belief that the apotheosis of the Cantonese leader is a spontaneous and significant manifestation of the nation's newly awakened political consciousness. Their skilful propaganda to this end, conducted through the Press, through students at foreign centres of learning, and by astute diplomatic representatives, has been remarkably successful. Public opinion abroad is now generally under the impression that the personality and political opinions of Sun Yat-sen have swept the Chinese people into new courses of conscious patriotism, and an enthusiastic belief in the social political theories of the Three Principles. The fact remains, nevertheless, that the original idea of Sun worship and most of its subsequent developments as the political faith of the Southern Nationalists, originated in the brain of Comrade Borodin. Under his direction it assumed form and substance as the only true faith and the test of patriotism, and swept northwards with the Cantonese forces in 1926–7. Chiang Kai-shek was then completely under Bolshevik control and the scientific propaganda organization which brought his army in triumph to the Yangtsze was of purely Russian origin, and frankly Red. The conversion of foreign Mission chapels into Sun Memorial Halls was a typical Bolshevik idea, carried out under Russian instruction, for the purpose of convincing the Kuomintang leaders that the foreigner could be flouted with impunity. That the whole movement was cynically conceived and developed to promote the world-revolution purposes of the Soviet, is manifest from Borodin's own reports; equally manifest is the fact that a great deal of the pot-pourri of the Three Principles is of Bolshevik origin. Borodin's private opinion of Sun Yat-sen was none too flattering. He regarded him, in 1922–23, as an ambitious visionary, afflicted with megalomania, and his five Principles (there were then five) as evidence of that mentality. It is also worthy of note, and proof of the remarkable and successful audacity of propaganda organized by the Kuomintang since 1924, that at the time of Sun's death, he had completely lost the support

of the Chinese communities overseas, by reason of his Bolshevik associations. By many who knew him, including missionaries, during his mania for executions at Canton, in the spring of 1924, he was regarded as verging on sadic insanity. The nature of his feelings towards foreigners, and his conception of international relations, are sufficiently indicated by the petulant chauvinism of his later writings and by the fact that he gave his retrospective blessing to Boxerism shortly before his death. Nevertheless, his mausoleum stands on Purple Mountains (to the scandal of the Chinese world beyond the orbit of the Kuomintang) within sight of the Imperial tomb of the founder of the Ming dynasty, and the representatives of eighteen Powers have testified, by their deferential attitude at his funeral, to the fact that, given sufficient publicity, a legend or a dynasty may well be founded on the most barefaced of inventions.

The successful establishment of the " Soong dynasty," as the Caucus Committee of the Kuomintang is familiarly known, may be described as the result of highly intelligent team work by the relatives, ex-colleagues and henchmen of the late Cantonese leader. Of these, the most prominent are the Soong sisters (second widow of Sun Yat-sen and second wife of Chiang Kai-shek respectively), their brother T. V. Soong, and Sun Fo, only son of Sun Yat-sen by his first wife. Even allowing for the extreme passivity of the Chinese people, theirs is a remarkable achievement. If only the dictatorship, to which Chiang Kai-shek aspires, showed any signs of giving the common people security for life and prosperity, the nation would probably accept it, without enquiring too closely into its origins, and admire the cleverness of its leaders. Even as matters stand, while deploring the tyrannous abuses and insatiable rapacity of the Kuomintang regime, the educated classes are disposed, on the whole, to applaud its handling of foreign affairs and the rapidity with which it has brought the Powers to a consensus of conciliatory deference. The prestige which it has thus acquired affords, indeed, the only justification for the Nanking coterie's claim to rule and represent a united China. In other words, a political faction, distinguished above its rivals by superior organi-

zation and knowledge of world politics, has succeeded in a most audacious bluff, for the simple reason that the Powers concerned do not possess an equally intelligent appreciation of Chinese affairs.

Were it not for the serious consequences involved, one might enjoy the audacity of this bluff and the grim humour of the spectacle presented by the Powers of Christendom allowing Messrs. Wang and Soong and Sze to " get away with it " every time. It is a bluff in the best Oriental manner, conceived by psychologists in politics alive to every move of the game. It is a bluff of many gestures, all cleverly calculated to create the impression of a new China, triumphantly advancing upon the road of progress and determined to insist upon her place as a great Power. All are based on the elemental truth, that if you shout anything loud enough and long enough, a great many people will believe it.

A complete list of these gestures, which cover the whole range of the Nanking Government's activities, would need an article to itself; a few must suffice. To begin with, there are the Constitution, the Civil and Criminal Law Codes, and the Three Principles, which provide the purely ornamental façade to the lath and plaster of the Republic, useful to beguile the foreigner but with no more influence than the Pleiades on the realities of Chinese politics. Next come the solemn farces of military disbandment, economic Conferences, and theoretical budgets, the machine-made official slogans against militarism, imperialism, communism, etc. etc., all calculated to divert the attention of Europe and America from the truth that the struggle for place and power, which began in 1911, remains wholly and solely a matter of money and armed men. Then there is the ever-green comedy of opium abolition, played by China's representatives abroad with all the old conviction, though the development of the opium traffic, as a chief source of revenue, by the civil and military authorities at Nanking has been a public scandal of the first magnitude for the past ten years. Finally, there are a number of minor gestures, such as the engagement of American experts to advise (without executive authority) on every subject under the sun, the fantastic scheme for a new Chinese

fleet, to be bought and trained under the direction of British Naval officers, vast sums to be spent for the next fifty years upon the building of railways and roads, the introduction of humanitarian labour laws for the benefit of Chinese workers, and the abolition of all inland taxation on trade. The Kuomintang offers, in fact, the vision of an earthly Paradise, to be thrown open to the world, so soon as the Powers have facilitated matters by abolishing the unequal Treaties.

Nevertheless, the broad facts of the actual situation which stultify these pretensions are readily accessible. They were recently summed up in one sentence by *The Times* correspondent at Peking.

> " The dictatorship of the Kuomintang," he wrote, " is something which the Chinese can understand and even admire. But when hundreds of little branches of the Kuomintang are composed of self-appointed youths, who spout orthodoxy but use their opportunities to tyrannize over the poor and to rob the respectable, indignation and dismay are widespread and deep."

Considering how sympathetically the Kuomintang's assurances of stability and programmes of reform have been accepted at their face value by the Powers since 1922, its leaders' confidence in their ability to secure the immediate abolition of extra-territoriality is not to be wondered at. Indeed, had it not been for the change which has taken place in the attitude of the American Government since Mr. Hoover came to the White House, their confidence might well have been justified by events. As it is, notwithstanding that the Powers have intimated, by their recent Notes, that they are not prepared to surrender their Treaty rights, or endanger their vested interests, under existing conditions, the Kuomintang leaders are bound, as a matter of self-preservation, to continue to agitate for the abrogation of the " unequal " Treaties and to assert that the " unification " of China is an accomplished fact. The Minister for Foreign Affairs at Nanking has accordingly addressed another communication on the subject to the Powers, renewing his Government's claim for the immediate abolition of Consular jurisdiction. Since his earlier Note was framed, he has provided new material for this claim by declaring the Kuomintang's intention " to abolish all

military despots" without further delay. The Central Executive Committee has furthermore announced its decision "to hand over its political power to the people in 1935, by which time the education of the masses will have been completed." President Chiang, addressing a touring party of American journalists, has declared that, unification having now been achieved, only the Third International and Foreign Imperialism hinder the complete accomplishment of the Revolution. And so on.

For the moment, owing to the trouble with the Soviet in Manchuria and the renewal of civil war, the agitation against extra-territoriality is in abeyance, but it is safe to predict that it will eventually be renewed, to the usual accompaniment of strikes, boycotts, slogans and intensified propaganda, whether Chiang himself remains at the head of the Southern party or not. For this we must be prepared, and, being prepared, should endeavour to limit and oppose the activities of the Kuomintang's propagandists, official and unofficial, outside their own country. It should be clearly recognized that the ultimate object of every Chinese politician is to vindicate the policy of exclusiveness which has always been the master-motive of China's weak rulers in their relations with foreign countries, a policy whose unswerving purpose stands out clearly against the chequered background of those relations. It is the natural outcome of an invincible pride of race and, in applying it, the country's rulers can therefore always rely upon the instinctive support of the masses. [And here it may be observed that, although confronted by vastly superior physical forces, the Chinese, after more than a century of direct intercourse with foreigners, have, on the one hand, reinforced their ancient policy of exclusion with the Western doctrine of self-determination, and, on the other, have succeeded in planting large numbers of their redundant population in foreign countries overseas, a very remarkable result of that flexible inflexibility, which is probably the most important factor in the longevity and efficiency of the race.]

The semi-Westernized Intelligentsia, which now constitutes the most influential element in the modern mandarinate, has lost nothing of its birthright of flexible

inflexibility. Despite the disorganization of 18 years of civil strife, it has adapted itself with rapidity and great skill to the changed conditions of international politics, while rigidly adhering to the fundamental principles and traditions of Chinese statecraft. The measure of its intelligent diplomacy may be gauged by the fact that it has succeeded in gaining for the Republic—bankrupt and hopelessly misgoverned though it be—a position of greater consideration in the eyes of the civilized world than ever the old Empire enjoyed.

The suppleness of Chinese statecraft has seldom been more conspicuously displayed than in the readiness with which the younger generation of politicians has acquired and applied the Western science of organized publicity; notable, too, has been their swift perception of the political ends to be gained by systematically exploiting the sentimental idealism which has been so prevalent in the United States and Great Britain since the great War. The ingenuity which the bright young men of the Kuomintang have shown in hoisting the foreigner with his own political petards, would be amusing if the purposes which animate them were not so consistently and cynically sordid. Their cleverness in taking advantage of every joint in the adversary's armour is only equalled by the audacity with which, as propagandists, they continually present a deliberately misleading picture of China's actual condition and prospects. The picture is, indeed, so fantastically distorted that its authors manifestly rely upon the willingness of their audiences to be deceived, and judging by results, as recently manifested at Amsterdam and Geneva, wisdom is justified of her children.

In the organization and direction of political propaganda, Young China has also been quick to perceive and exploit the new fields of opportunity created in England and America in the education of Demos by means of wisdom by wireless and knowledge broadcasted. They have used this latest invention quite as cleverly, and for the same ends, as they have hitherto used the political theories of the Manchester school, the social ideals of the Labour party, the pacific enthusiasms of Geneva, and the uplifting activities of religious bodies

in America. In a B.B.C. talk, broadcasted not long ago by Captain Stephen King Hall, that gallant officer observed that the magic of wireless was bringing East and West together, that the strangers of yesterday were rapidly becoming the neighbours of to-day. From this he drew the conclusion that " henceforth it will no longer be possible for great bodies of men inhabiting vast areas in the Far East to live in happy ignorance of Europe and ignored by Europe." Shortly afterwards, another talk " On the meaning of Chinese Nationalism," broadcasted by a certain Dr. W. Y. Chen, enlightened Europe's happy ignorance of his country by handing out typical samples of the standardized propaganda, which Nanking supplies in unlimited quantities for the beguilement of public opinion abroad. He observed, for example, that the Kuomintang's purpose is " to secure economic justice and opportunity for the labouring classes and peasants, under a government of the people, by the people and for the people." What if that purpose be splendidly remote? " Chinese prosperity," he explained, " is not the end itself which the Kuomintang seeks; it is our preparation for participation in an universal harmonious world-state." Thereupon, needless to say, he drew the usual rose-tinted picture of the Nationalist programme of enlightened progress. Once again we were assured that Nanking has achieved the end of the militarist period of the Revolution and entered upon the period of political tutelage, " during which the people are to be trained for self-government and made ready for a constitutional government, based on the Three Principles of Sun Yat-sen." That the Kuomintang's agents and supporters should avail themselves of every opportunity to spread this sort of stuff abroad, is natural enough; but considering all the known facts of the situation, and remembering what perils confront more than one British community in China, it is surely remarkable that we should officially encourage them to do so.

A significant coincidence bearing on this point is that, while public opinion abroad is thus being led to believe that all is for the best in China, the Nanking Government should have seen fit to " proscribe " several correspondents of reputable American journals (notably Mr. Abend of the *New York Times*) for having

supplied their papers with what they consider to be the truth concerning the political and financial condition of the country. Also that it should have endeavoured to suppress the leading British newspaper in China, by arbitrarily depriving it of postal and transport facilities. These attempts on the part of the Nanking Government to control the sources and character of foreign Press work in China seem to justify conclusions somewhat different from those expressed by Captain King Hall with regard to the beneficent results of improved communications. They suggest, on the contrary, the reflection that, in matters political, a state of happy ignorance may well be preferable to a body of public opinion systematically misled by the suppression or distortion of the truth, and that the Nanking Government's conception of the functions of the Press is, in fact, identical with that of Moscow. Nevertheless, from this evil there may yet come good; for if it be once realized that much of the political news which emanates from China is nothing more or less than Kuomintang propaganda, the sources and objects of this propaganda are likely to be more closely scrutinized in future than they have been in the past.

Mineral Transport in Britain

The Question of the Private Wagon

By Philip Gee

In the course of its enquiry into the economic position of the Coal Industry the Royal Commission of 1925 (generally known as the Samuel Commission) examined the conditions of mineral transport with a thoroughness suggesting the belief that herein lay the possibility of immediate economy and reform. This thoroughness is important in view of the fact that many of the proposals submitted to the Commission are being brought forth once more as if they had never been examined in detail.

The difficult economic position of the British coal industry in 1925 was admittedly due to its higher costs of production, and any substantial reduction in transport charges, which in many instances account for a large proportion of the delivered price, would have been of material assistance in the task of finding a solution for the problems of the industry. It was suggested that such a reduction might be effected through some alteration in the existing system of ownership and control of railway mineral wagons and by the standardization of the wagons themselves; but, as the enquiries of the Commission developed, it became apparent that, whereas the difficulties and disadvantages of any drastic change had been greatly underrated, the possible savings had been equally over-estimated.

A superficial observer of mineral transport methods in Great Britain and on the Continent would immediately perceive differences in equipment and practice that might lead to the conclusion that British methods are unnecessarily complicated and costly.

In Great Britain, for instance, the mineral wagons are generally of a comparatively small capacity—the 12-ton being the most usual size. The coal is loaded into them direct from the colliery screens, *i.e.*, as soon as it has been washed and graded, and they serve the dual purpose of storage accommodation and means of transport. These wagons are mostly the property of colliery companies, or coal-traders, and an important business

and industry have grown up in connection with their construction and sale or hire. The maximum rates which the railways are allowed to charge for conveyance include a sum for hauling the wagons, when emptied, back to their starting-point by the same route that they travelled when loaded. The railways now included within the Great Western and London Midland and Scottish systems are not required by statute to provide mineral wagons; and a special scale of charges is authorised for the use of railway-owned wagons in the coal and coke traffic. On the North-east Coast and in Scotland, where the conditions are different from those existing in the rest of England or in Wales, " the charges for coal conveyance are on the basis of company's wagon rates and certain allowances are made when traders' wagons are used." It was because the railway companies were not obliged to provide mineral wagons, and in the early days refused to do so, that the colliery owners and coal-traders were compelled to supply the deficiency and the system of private ownership became established.

The arrangements for the transport of coal in Germany, France and Belgium are different. In all three countries the wagons are railway-owned, and the prevailing type is that of 20 tons' capacity. They are not intended to be used for the storage of coal at the mines, and when they are so used, demurrage charges are payable on an expanding scale. As a result, the number of coal wagons required is smaller and the usage obtained from them is higher than in this country.

In France, Belgium and Germany the wagons travel each month from five to six journeys, of an average length longer than that in Great Britain, where the number of journeys per month appears to average between two and three, and, except for shipment traffic, is probably nearer two than three.

So much the ordinary observer might ascertain for himself, and would very likely jump to the conclusion that our British system is all wrong and should forthwith be scrapped. The Samuel Commission, however, arranged for an investigation of the whole question of coal transport in France, Belgium and Germany; and although its report indicated that the more general use

of 20-ton wagons was desirable, it also recognised that a considerable proportion of the smaller wagons in use in Great Britain would be needed for a long time to come, owing to the special requirements of part of the trade and to the fact that many of both the loading and unloading points were not adapted to accommodate the larger types and could not be so adapted without considerable capital expenditure. The Commission therefore recommended that the benefit of any economies effected in railway operating by the use of large wagons should accrue in the greater part to the wagon-owners, and that the principle adopted by the Great Western Railway of allowing a rebate on the transport rates for all coal carried in 20-ton wagons should be accepted and extended as a general policy. In making this recommendation, with the reservation as to the need for retaining a proportion of the smaller wagons for a considerable time, the Commission practically adopted the viewpoint of the colliery wagon-owners, who disclaimed — through the official spokesman of the industry—any objection in principle to the use of larger wagons; but stated that the process of introducing them must be gradual, and that the greatest inducement to accelerate progress in that direction would be a really substantial reduction in the railway rates on coal carried in the larger wagons and thus to compensate for the capital cost of the alterations.

It has been alleged by the coal-traders, in the interests of the British domestic consumer, that the larger wagon involves loss through greater breakage of some classes of coal, but the Continental investigation did not disclose any evidence to that effect. In Northern France the suggestion had never been made and the possibility of the additional breakage amounting to five per cent. was denied. In Belgium also the suggestion was repudiated and in Germany there did not appear to have been any complaints. This negative evidence is not, however, necessarily in conflict with the declared experience of the British coal-traders; for the report on the transport of Continental coal opens with the declaration that the coal mined in the three countries is not generally of the same quality as British coal and can, therefore, be treated somewhat differently during transit. Moreover, the

observation of the average British householder supports the view that the classes of coals that are most popular for open grates are very susceptible to breakage, and the anxiety of merchants to maintain conditions that enable them to supply their customers with coal that is free from dust is easily understood and commendable. Within the County of London it is an offence to deliver coal containing an undue proportion of slack.

Although British coal distributors have found that the condition of coal—particularly household coal—at destination is inferior, if carried in large wagons, to the condition of similar coal conveyed in small trucks, they have acquiesced in the replacement of the old standard 10½-ton wagons by 12-ton wagons. The railway managers decided, as recently as 1923, after exhaustive consideration and consultation with the other interests concerned, that, having regard to the facilities at loading and destination points, it would be undesirable to insist upon a larger capacity than 12-tons as the minimum standard. The majority of the coal wagons built in recent years have therefore been in accordance with this standard, although a number of 20-ton wagons has been introduced for the export trade.

The comparatively small average number of journeys travelled by coal wagons each month in Great Britain appears to be due to the practice of storing coal in wagons, which affects the average figure, although those wagons that are railway-owned and may not be used for storage should not be affected in this respect.

The evidence obtained on the Continent, from which it appeared that, in Germany, France and Belgium, the wagons are—generally speaking—railway-owned and of higher capacity than in Great Britain, and that there is a complete common user, is by no means conclusive proof that the Continental practice would be suitable for adoption in Great Britain.

Owing to the very heavy demurrage charges, coal—if stored at all—has to be stored on the ground, except in Belgium, where, in addition, many of the mines can load on to canal barges. Now, storage of coal on the ground is not economical; the cost of putting it down and lifting it up again is equivalent to the cost of forty-eight days'

storage in wagons—capital and all other costs included. Moreover, nearly all coal deteriorates in quality when stored in this manner; and the colliery owner, who has to sell it, must weigh the cost of the deterioration even against the saving effected by keeping the colliery working with regularity. This is the main reason why collieries in Great Britain provide their own wagons and use them both for storage and transport. These loaded wagons constitute a mobile coal reserve that is instantly available to meet any sudden demand either from industry or the domestic consumer, and its importance from a national point of view is beyond question.

Statistics of the average number of journeys travelled each month by the British coal wagon as compared with the Continental railway-owned wagon show, perhaps, less than half the picture, and the uncertainty of the relative efficiency of the two systems for their respective purposes makes it unwise to lay too much stress on such comparisons. It is not known, for instance, whether the rigid railway control of wagons on the Continent is considered to be in the best interests of the coal industry; it is part of the international policy of Western European railway administrations. And it is certainly significant to read, in the report on storage of coal in Germany, that during certain periods since the war when, owing to the fall in the value of the paper Mark, the collieries were able to use wagons for the storage of coal without paying heavily for this privilege, they did so to an extent that reacted severely on the railway operation, with the result that demurrage rates were immediately raised. The recurring difficulties of colliery working are in all probability much the same on the Continent as in Great Britain: falls of roof and such like circumstances temporarily delay the winding of coal to the pithead, and entail demurrage charges on the waiting wagons; and the Continental colliery manager may well be envious of British procedure in this respect. It may be assumed with some confidence that the wagon-owners seek to get as many journeys out of their wagons as they can; it obviously reduces expenses to do so. And if they sacrifice journeys for the sake of storage, it may be taken that, on balance, the practice pays them.

The most plausible method of reducing transport charges appeared to be to adopt some system that would effect a considerable saving in shunting. Shunting expenses, it was and is still asserted, are largely caused by the requirement that all trucks, other than those belonging to the railway companies, must be returned when unloaded to the colliery or trader to whom they belong. The sorting of wagons, first for various colliery centres and finally for particular collieries, is said to cause an amount of shunting expense that could be avoided if the wagons could be classified into two or three types, within which they could be used indiscriminately. This practice, which exists on the Continent, is known as "common user" and could only be brought into operation in Great Britain by a compulsory transfer of the wagons to the railway companies, or by the present owners voluntarily establishing one or more co-operative societies for the working of the wagons by a central, or by district, controls working in conjunction with the railway companies. The Samuel Commission explored very thoroughly the possibility of effecting a saving in railway costs by the introduction of such measures, but finally decided not to recommend them for adoption. "All the parties directly affected," it reported, "are definitely opposed to the wagons being brought into the ownership of the railway companies," and a "national pool formed by the present owners is also regarded by them as impracticable."

One of the facts upon which this conclusion is based is of special interest. The main difficulty of the British coal industry is in respect of its export trade. Its costs, both of production and transport (measured on a ton-mile basis), are a severe handicap in competition with foreign countries. But even if a complete overthrow of the established British system of wagon operation and control were to result in a saving in shunting costs, the position of the export trade could not thereby be improved to any material extent. Coal for shipment usually moves in complete trainloads from pit to pit and back again. There is very little shunting, except where some sorting is required in consequence of the mixing of different coals at the ship in order to ensure an even delivery of a required quality. "After all," said Sir Ralph Wedgwood, giving evidence before the Commission on

behalf of the railway companies, "the privately-owned wagon, if it is in the shipment trade, does not cost very much for shunting." It is, therefore, obvious that if shunting in the shipment trade does not cost very much, there is little room for a saving that could beneficially affect Great Britain's competitive export position.

The contention that savings in "shunting costs" could be effected under some system of "common user" appears to be based on the fallacious theory that a saving on one detail of railway working is necessarily a real economy. It is common ground that no shunting can be saved in the handling of *loaded* wagons, the amount of shunting depending on the number of *destinations* and having no relation to the number, or individuality, of the owners of the wagons; and, consequently, if any economy is possible, it is confined to the haulage of empty trucks. But no system of "common user" will obviate the necessity for hauling a large number of empty wagons on their return journey from the South to the collieries in the Midlands and the North where they are loaded. There are no classes of goods produced in sufficient quantities in the South or Eastern counties, or imported into the Port of London, that require transport to the mining districts and could use the empty coal wagons for that purpose.

A kind of national "common user" was, in fact, tried out during the war—and failed. The result was thus described by one of the witnesses before the Samuel Commission :—

> With regard to the suggestion which has been made that, if wagons were pooled, they would then be available for return loads, this in practice has been proved to be a fallacy. During the war an attempt was made to use privately-owned wagons in this manner under a common users' scheme, but it was found that, instead of the wagons being loaded back in the direction from which they came, they were scattered to all parts of the country, and the loads which they carried were insignificant when compared with the enormous amount of time the wagons were out of traffic, and in many cases actually lost, and the earnings of the wagons were negligible. Further, the wagons which did arrive at loading points were usually found to be of the wrong type and entirely unserviceable.

Although the Commission did not adopt any of the more sweeping suggestions for altering the existing system of ownership, operation and control that came under its notice, the Commissioners were not convinced

that no economic betterment of the conditions of mineral transport was possible. "We do not find," states the Report, "a reason for inaction." They recommended that steps should be taken to ensure the prompt consideration of any reorganization of the system of mineral transport that appeared to hold the promise of greater efficiency. "In order," the Report continued, "that continuous attention should be given to these questions and that progress should not be allowed to slacken for lack of stimulus, we recommend that the Ministry of Transport and the Mines Department should establish a Standing Joint Committee with the title "Standing Committee on Mineral Transport." They recommended also that the "statutory regulation of rates" should embody a rebate in railway rates on coal class traffics carried in 20-ton wagons, corresponding to the greater part of the general saving in railway operating that might be expected in the several districts if 20-ton wagons were substituted for those now in use.

These recommendations were not immediately acted upon, probably for the reason that, owing to the long drawn-out stoppage of work in the industry that followed the issue of the Report, the appointment of a committee of enquiry into mineral transport during a period when no coal was available for transportation would have been regarded as an absurdity. So soon, however, as the industry had resumed full working under the stimulus of the Eight Hours Act, the recommendations relating to the conveyance of coal received attention. No legislation was enacted but, early in 1927, the Minister of Transport and the Secretary for Mines announced that they had appointed a Committee to be known—as the Commission had recommended—as the Standing Committee on Mineral Transport.

The investigations of the Committee have occupied over two-and-a-half years and have been conducted with so little ostentation that no word of their activities had been allowed to transpire, until the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas announced in the course of a speech in the House of Commons on July 3 last that "one of the problems which must be faced, and faced very effectively, is the problem of what are called private wagons." Mr.

Thomas went on to say that for every four wagons on the railways three are privately owned and cannot be used, and that coal-owners, railway companies, traders and merchants all complained and all had a grievance. The impression was created that the Report of the Committee had been urgently called for. Mr. Thomas, however, did himself less than justice on this occasion and had less regard than usual for the responsibility of his utterances. About one-half of the railway wagons in this country are owned and fully operated by the railway companies and it is only the coal wagons of which it is true that three out of four are privately owned and " cannot be used." Coal wagons " cannot be used " for general goods traffic because, as soon as discharged, they are needed at the collieries in order to receive the coal as it is brought to the surface. If such wagons are used for any other purpose, the pits must stop working until the wagons are there.

It is a little singular to observe that the terms of reference to the Standing Committee contain no direction to pay any regard to the great industry and business that have grown up in connection with the provision and construction and financing of the wagons in the ownership and operation of the collieries and coal-traders. The amount of capital invested in the wagon-building, wagon-hiring, wagon-repairing and wagon-financing companies is considerable, and the value of the seven hundred thousand privately owned wagons must be nearly sixty million pounds. The number of those concerned, whether as small investors or as employees, is very large; and it would be a deplorable result if, in the endeavour to attain greater efficiency in the transportation of coal, action were taken that would injure or close down these long-established businesses.

The Episcopal Challenge to Parliament

By the Revd. J. F. Worsley-Boden

(Rector of North Wingfield; Author of "Can These Bones Live?")

THE proceedings in the Upper House of Convocation on July 10th, 11th and 12th have left an unfortunate impression of the bankruptcy of ecclesiastical state-craft. The bishops decided by a large majority to revive the Jack-in-the-Box in the shape of the new Prayer Book, and thus to pursue a path which has not the sanction of law. The Upper House of Canterbury, with four dissentients and two non-voters, and the Upper House of York, without opposition, voted for the alternative Prayer Book, which Parliament has rejected in both its versions, as the standard by which to regulate the services in the parish churches of England. Under the "Enabling Act" (which many are more inclined from experience to style the "Disabling Act") the Church of England acquired a measure of self-government, but still accepted Parliament as its final authority for the passing of new legislation; and we are not aware that there was any understanding that Parliament would pass every measure which the Church Assembly presented. Parliament has dealt very generously with ecclesiastical legislation; and has allowed a number of the Church Assembly's measures to find their way into law.

Among the exceptions to Parliamentary acquiescence the outstanding example was the Prayer Book Measure. There was much in the proposed Prayer Book which was desirable, at least in the degree in which it made moderate concessions to a large demand for some modernizing. There was, however, enough that was undesirable to cause a vast opposition, not only on the part of many people who prize the old Prayer Book for its fine Elizabethan English and its old associations, although they may be but irregular church folk, but among regular churchgoers themselves. The ecclesiastical

assemblies voted down the opposition in their own bodies. But the opposition was not thus to be defeated. The House of Commons knew that not only the Nation but the Church itself, in the narrower sense of its practising churchgoers, was not of one mind. The House of Commons knew that, while a certain measure of modernizing would be widely welcomed, the crucial proposals in the new Book seemed to Protestants to be a reaction to the standards which the historic Reformation overthrew. The Protestant opposition found an unwonted alliance in their customary opposites, the extreme Anglo-Catholics, who read in the new rubricks a restraint upon their present liberties. In such conditions Parliament refused to pass the measure, and refused a second time when the ecclesiastical assemblies, under the lead of most of the bishops, decided after six months of ill-temper to present it again with a few amendments; and Parliament has probably never acted in a manner so representative of the English people.

Thus the 1928 Prayer Book, like its predecessor the 1927 Book, has not only failed to become a lawful Book: it has been deliberately rejected, and refused the legality which its promoters sought to secure. Yet the bishops propose to use the rejected Book as the authority by which to govern the practice of the Church, where the old Prayer Book is repudiated or fails to work. Of course there are some technical illegalities in every parish church. If we conformed strictly to law, we should prolong the Communion by reading the long Exhortations which have been everywhere abandoned. There are various ways, such as the omission of obvious archaisms, in which the revision of the Prayer Book has been in progress for years; and since creeds and formularies claim to be based upon the Bible, their interpretation is modified by the progressive conclusions of Biblical criticism. But the issues which caused the controversy and led to the defeat of the 1927 and 1928 Prayer Books have little to do with technical illegalities or rational reinterpretations. The crucial issues concerned the preservation of the doctrine of the Communion, by which the Reformers replaced the Mass, and the practice of Reservation of the elements, which leads to

unauthorized devotions. The bishops propose that where the Church of England presents examples of development beyond the sanction of the old Prayer Book of 1662, there the rejected Book of 1928 shall be used as the standard of what is permissible.

No doubt it may be said, and none will deny, that the bishops are in a difficult position; that they find that many churchmen have got altogether out of hand; that they know that there is much practice in English churches which is hardly distinguishable from that of the Church of Rome (where it is proper and lawful); that the bishops themselves are largely responsible for such extravagances. Some bishops are known to have given great encouragement to the " Romanizing " movement; and their responsibility is plain. But the position of the English bishops is that of administrators of the law. Failing to administer the existing law, they proposed to secure its enlargement to include and to legalize practices which have been allowed to grow beyond control, and then by the force of their new authority to curb or suppress the extremist remnant. As we have seen, their proposal failed to secure the force of law. Yet now the claim is made that the rejected Prayer Book has the spiritual authority of Convocations and Assemblies, and may legitimately be used as an instrument of administration in spite of its failure to gain the assent of the House of Commons. The argument is tortuous and maladroit. The policy of the majority of the bishops suggests an attempt to have it both ways: to maintain the establishment of the Church and to repudiate the established authority. It may be noted that, among the majority bishops, the Bishop of Durham, who foresaw the follies of the Enabling Act, is too acutely logical to bear with this compromise. He moved the resolutions in the Upper House of York. But he admitted the irregularity of the action, describing the proposed course as " precarious," " apart from legal sanction," " a bold venture " and " extra-legal procedure." In his case the proposals are a deliberate factor in that policy of Disestablishment in which he sees the sole solution of an exasperating problem. I deplore the conclusion of a dear friend to whom for many years I

have owed more than I can say; but I should like to be allowed to applaud its integrity.

The bishops' policy is not the policy of all the bishops. The compromise of investing the rejected Prayer Book with a modified canonical authority in the absence of Parliamentary sanction is not uniformly accepted. In the Upper House of Canterbury four good men and true deserve all the approbation and assurance of our confidence that we can offer them; and two others appear to be in the running for the same support. The Bishops of Norwich, Exeter, Worcester, Birmingham, and St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich used their voices to repudiate or to modify the official resolutions, and four of these bishops used their votes against the policy of lawlessness, while two bishops abstained from voting. In the newspaper reports there is some competition between the Bishops of Worcester and St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich in the matter of voting. The *Morning Post* reported one and the *Church Times* the other among the four dissentients. Both, however, spoke in different senses against the resolutions. The Bishops of Norwich and Exeter would have nothing to do with illegality. The Bishop of Birmingham moved a rider against the changes of doctrine which are suspected in the new Communion Office and Reservation Rubricks. He wished that the resolutions should not be taken to imply censure on those bishops who stand by the Reformation and refuse to allow the practice of Reservation and the use of an alternative service of Holy Communion. As he urged, Parliament had been accepted as a court of final appeal, and since Parliament had not passed the Prayer Book which provided these things, it was unlawful now to use them or to sanction their use. There must be a goodly "toe the line" brigade among the bishops; but there are some others from whom we should be glad to hear a word for legality. Loyalty, of which we hear much, carries little weight on the lips of those who sit lightly to the law. It is the dissentient bishops who show the regard for the law.

Unhappy is the example of lawlessness which the episcopal policy presents. But nauseating is the only description of the personal digression in the course of

their lordships' debate. For none could fairly maintain that the Bishop of Birmingham's arguments against the resolutions could warrant a personal and violent attack upon the Bishop of Birmingham. Yet the Bishop of St. Albans left the normal course of debate in order to deliver an onslaught upon Dr. Barnes in consequence of various utterances quite outside the day's business.

It is sufficiently well known that Dr. Barnes has expressed himself in two notable directions in the interests of sound religion; and his persistence in this cause has given him an outstanding eminence in the religious life of this country. He is watched from the Continent, and read in the Dominions. He interprets the office of a bishop rightly, as a teacher and an administrator. In the first of these capacities he has freely proclaimed certain conclusions of criticism and matters of modern knowledge, which are indeed almost common property among many of his fellow bishops; but which they, unlike him, have largely allowed to go unexpressed or at least unemphasized, and thereby have given a false impression of "orthodoxy." Further, Dr. Barnes has been vigorous in rejecting the claims of the so-called "Catholic revival," which has borrowed both mediævalisms and modern Romanisms and driven many of the Protestant people of England from their parish churches. Both in argument as a teacher and in action as an administrator, he has fought against the revival of what is commonly called "Romanism" in the Church of England; and his course has had the almost inevitable effect of giving offence to some who hold the traditions, or cultivate the practices, which he corrects or condemns.

But the offensive onslaught of reactionary Catholicism upon Dr. Barnes was no good example of the charity which was desired; and the selection of sentences detached from their context, which was the method of controversy adopted by the Bishop of St. Albans, has no fairness when every effort is made to prevent a reply from the original author. Common justice in a Court of Law would hear all the relevant evidence. But when Dr. Barnes protested against fragmentary quotations from his words, and sought to supply the context, the Archbishop intervened with a plea for the time of the

House. Yet in spite of time and plea the Bishop of St. Albans resumed his attack. A recent sermon of the Bishop of Birmingham's in the Abbey was the basis; and when the Bishop of St. Albans protested against the sentence which described the bishops' proposals in the new Prayer Book as " concessions to religious barbarism," Dr. Barnes requested that his assailant would complete the quotation. But here the Archbishop intervened again, suggesting that the opinions of Dr. Barnes should not occupy their time.

The text of Dr. Barnes's sermon shows that, if the quotation had been completed, the following is what their lordships would have heard:

> These proposals made it possible to teach that a priest can convey spiritual properties to inanimate matter. The idea was discredited at the Reformation. But it tends to revive in every period of religious reaction. We need the controlling influence of science, with its appeal to experiment and reason, to prevent such recrudescence of ancient superstitions, whether it arises within or without organized Churches.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that most of the bishops, who have patronized the revival of mediævalism in our Church, should not have desired this shaft of light to be thrown upon their darkness; and the Bishop of St. Albans returned to make further protest against Dr. Barnes on another count more remote from the business of the Convocation's discussion. The Archbishop of Canterbury had plainly tried to muzzle the Bishop of Birmingham, while he left the course clear for the contumely of the Bishop of St. Albans; and when at the end he (the Archbishop) addressed a rebuke, not to the attacking bishop, but to the bishop who had suffered the attack, and thus added to the onslaught by a further reproof, the impression was not conducive to a larger faith in the fair play to be expected from exalted churchmen. We hear much of vote-catching politicians; but they have their match in ecclesiastical tacticians: and the wolf of scheming Catholicism masquerades in the sheep's clothing of a championship of the " weak brethren." The cult of episcopal opportunism merely postpones the issue; and for the time being, so far as the teaching office of the Church is concerned, the deduction is that the rational education of the whole of the new

generations may go by the board for the sake of some narrow ecclesiastical minds which are too easily upset by plain speech on vital issues.

This digression, largely irrelevant to the precise business of Convocation, actually raised a point of the utmost relevance. As Dr. Barnes implied in his published statement in the Press, written with great dignity, restraint and constructiveness, the time is premature for new Prayer Books until the Church can make its count with the New Learning. In the meantime the bishops' proceedings present no good advertisement of the Christian Church; and it is to be noted that the official policy has had no "good Press," for with the main exception of *The Times*, which seems to have been loaded with episcopal and official weight, there is little sympathy for the circumvention of the decisive vote of the House of Commons. At present the Church, under the lead of most of the bishops, is likely to grow more discredited with the mass of intelligent citizens. But if it will accept the legal situation with a good grace and wait a while, the time may come when Parliament will receive and pass a Prayer Book Measure more in conformity with modern needs, less reactionary to mediæval modes, less an unpopular instrument of ecclesiastical discipline, more the result of a general desire for reasonable worship. The policy of persecution, even of so-called "Romanizers," is unpleasant, although there is now a law, and the courts are open. It is better to trust the truth to prevail. At the moment our strength is to sit still. This is not the first time that the Convocations have disturbed our peace.

When the Bangorian controversy raged in the early eighteenth century, and ecclesiastical feeling ran high, King George I closed Convocation in order to "scatter a little dust over the angry insects." Hallam's phrase may seem ungracious; but if the Government would take a leaf out of the same book to dispel the current crisis, it would render a signal service to the Nation, the National Church and the cause of true Religion.

The Kill-Joys

By Alice Lowther

WHEN, on the death of Mr. Hall, Joshua Dunning married his youngest daughter, it seemed natural that Adela's step-sisters should leave the Haberdashery, where for the past ten years they had been employed, and take up work in Joshua's shop. That the sisters should live with the young couple appeared to friends of the family as neither inevitable nor desirable. Still, the flat over the shop was commodious and Joshua was a competent-enough arbiter. "Gulls walk before they fly," he explained to Adela. "For the moment I can't afford fancy wages. If Susan and Jane are content to come in on the ground floor they'll benefit later. With four of us on the spot, all with our shoulders to the wheel and all personally interested in success, things should presently hum."

And hum things did. Joshua was a keen business man, if a trifle hard; and the sisters, fired with hope and grateful for their improved status, worked with a will. At the end of three years Joshua, clear of mortgage and owner of a substantial bank account, extended his premises. Whereupon Susan and Jane were promoted from counter to pay desk, and Adela, relieved of business responsibilities, prepared herself for maternity.

Her first child was delicate; and the mother herself making but a slow recovery it was taken for granted that the sisters, profiting by slack spells in the shop, should continue to run the flat. In this they were merely conforming to habit; from her birth, they had been trained to play chorus to the more privileged Adela. Moreover, such was their nature and such their mutual jealousy that the appeal of anything weak and helpless roused them to a passion of competitive service which, howsoever repellent to others in its fierce intensity, Adela had skill to manipulate to the advantage of herself and her brood. And indeed, lacking her step-sisters' help, Adela had fared ill in those early days. Her children followed each other in quick succession, all frail of health and

feebly fractious. When the eldest was four Joshua took over the flat for business purposes and installed his family in a pretentious house in the suburbs. He had not intended further change; but his wife proving unfit for additional duties, the sisters were speedily transferred from the business to the home, Susan acting as housekeeper, while on Jane devolved the superintendence of the nurseries.

The change in their circumstances did not pass unvaunted. Adela lauded Joshua's generosity.

"Your credit at Willows' will be increased," she announced graciously. "We shall entertain. You must dress according to your new position."

Jane ventured a suggestion. Joshua had been very good. At the beginning they had not expected a salary, they had been content with a pittance. But now business was improving. It would be nice to have money of one's own.

"But what do you want?" asked Adela. "Your pockets are never empty. And everything's found for you."

Jane was nonplussed. She could cite no particular want. It was independence she craved.

"Joshua promised we should share in the profits," she muttered with a side-glance at Susan.

"And haven't you shared? What do you lack? Are you not well-housed, well-fed, well-clothed? Even your holidays are spent with us."

Jane made no reply. She was watching Susan. To Adela's final, "I should have thought you would have *preferred* to be treated like members of the family," she responded with a surly grunt.

But, though silenced, Jane was none the less aggrieved. Henceforth she laboured under a sense of injustice. And it was against Susan her resentment was bitterest. Susan was a numskull. She had no guts. Privily she could grumble; in a crisis she was not dependable. Take the matter of holidays. It was Susan who whined for solitude, Susan who sickened at the scent of clover, Susan who had declared with a vehemence as piteous as unexpected that a few days spent apart from her charges would be "like heaven." "In the country—the tiniest

cottage—with just bread and cheese," she had whimpered furtively. Well, if Susan wanted her heaven and cheese, let her fight for them. Jane wouldn't help her. Not she. And though each summer Adela flaunted hotel bills in her sisters' faces, she was too tenacious of her personal liberty to dispense with their services. Besides, as she said, where would they go if not with the children? Apart from the family, they had no friends, they were never asked anywhere; it would be absurd for them to go away alone. Two old fogies! Ridiculous! They could not really wish it. It was just a pose!

They were never free. Even to bed they took their duties. In infancy Adela's eldest girls—twins—were threatened with epilepsy. It was not deemed advisable they should be alone. When the fourth baby arrived they were transferred from their mother's room to their aunts'. Each woman slept with a child beside her.

Sometimes after a restless night they would appear at the breakfast-table heavy-eyed and harassed. Then Adela was annoyed. She demanded cheerful faces about her. "It isn't as if they weren't comfortable," she protested.

She complained to her husband of the women's perpetual air of busyness. She admitted there was work to be done. "But they needn't look as if they had the cares of the world on their shoulders." When visitors congratulated her on the possession of two such treasures, she ceded but grudging assent. "Oh, yes," she would say; then with a *moue* of martyrdom—"Strangers only see one side, remember. But it would be cruel to separate them from the children; they are so devoted."

Their very devotedness was a source of trouble. After the birth of her eighth child Adela indulged in social activities. The children, left to their aunts, naturally turned to them for directions—even in the presence of their parents. Adela felt herself supplanted. She retaliated by criticism of her sisters' rulings. The children, quick to profit by their elders' dissensions, waxed unruly. When the aunts, forbidden themselves to punish, complained, Adela sided with her offspring.

"Hector's good enough with me. He only needs managing. Children should be led, not driven."

Occasionally Jane took the law into her own hands.

"It's useless claiming it's your right to whip them," she defended herself. "You never do."

"They don't need it. You take too much on yourselves, you and Susan."

Followed recriminations. Adela spoke as a mistress to dependents, and declaimed against ingratitude.

"Where would you be but for Joshua?" she demanded.

From one of these scenes Susan would retire weeping; but Jane, of stouter calibre, would announce her intention of seeking a position where her services would receive recompense "in coin, not in abuse." But nothing ever came of it. She had too lively a recollection of the days of her early servitude to wish to repeat them. Besides, she was getting old. So after a few hours' advertisement-poring she would return to her work, a little heavier of foot, a little grumpier of speech. Once indeed she went as far as to apply for a post, and Joshua was appealed to for references.

"A situation, forsooth!" cried Adela. "You! And in this town, with Joshua mayor. Whatever next?"

"It's my life," said Jane.

Adela laughed cruelly.

"At your age!" she mocked. "Who'd have you anyhow?"

Jane stood her ground.

"Then give us a place of our own, Susan and me."

Adela played with the idea. If it could be managed—! The sisters' usefulness was over. It would be a relief to be free of them. But what would people think?

"It needn't be expensive," urged Jane. "And you don't want us. The girls are old enough to take over. And we've never had any wage. Call it pensioning us off."

She might have had her way had Susan upheld her. But Susan was more plastic than Jane. And she liked her creature comforts. It gave her pleasure to ride in the carriage, even with her back to the horses. Once, to be sure, she had craved a measure of freedom, but the menace of a future shared with Jane and devoid of the luxuries she prized reduced her now to dolorous dismay.

"No, no," she protested tearfu lly. "We do very we as we are."

So matters remained.

As the years passed, the sisters became a burden to themselves, a nuisance to the family they served. Their authority was usurped; servants ceased to come to them for orders, the children made mock of their foibles. It seemed as though, with their increasing impotence, they clutched the more desperately at power's semblance. They were ever on the move, greedy of responsibility, weakly assertive, querulously active. "You are always busy," said a friend of the family. Whereupon Adela, scenting criticism, took a determined stand. Henceforth for the old couple even pretence at work must cease. Had the size of the house permitted, they would have been apportioned a private sitting-room. This being impossible, it was decreed they should breakfast in bed and not appear downstairs till the day's work was accomplished. Any indulgence in cleaning and dusting must be gratified in the privacy of their joint bedroom. "We have plenty of maids," they were told. "Your help is not needed."

They submitted perforce.

In the afternoons and evenings they occupied the deserted dining-room, sitting in special chairs either side the fireplace. Jane sat stiffly upright, knitting her rage and spleen into yards of unwanted lace. Susan, blinding fast and with wits atotter, crouched low to the fire with fumbling hands and peering eyes. Often she wept. And Jane scolded. "We are well enough," she would rasp derisively. "It's what you wanted. Well?"

The young people treated them with facetious carelessness. Joshua, taking cue from his wife, ignored their presence when possible, though he was never actively unkind. Any attempt they made at occupation was promptly frustrated. It was "Now, aunt, don't fuss. That's been done once today." Or—"For mercy's sake put down that duster; the servants know their work." And once—"If there's anything you need, Susan, ask me. It's unsettling for the maids to have so many mistresses."

Often the children grumbled to Adela.

"Can't anything be done, mother? Those old killjoys give me the creeps."

"It's worse for me than you," sighed Adela. "And they can't help it. Age is their trouble."

"Gracious! *You'll* never be like that."

Adela preened herself, well-pleased. She didn't believe she would.

"Why not give them a crib of their own?" suggested Hector on one occasion.

"They are so helpless," demurred his mother. "They'd need two maids at least."

"Well, couldn't Pater afford it?" asked Susan, the younger.

Adela shook her head. Joshua had suffered reverses lately—one of the children had just been set up in business; another was expecting to be married; two were still at college; and Mabel, the youngest, was in a nursing home awaiting an operation.

"Expenses are so heavy," she murmured.

"It's a blinking shame!" declared Hector. "Why should Pater be saddled with the old dodderers? It's not as if they were your own sisters. How old are they really, Mater?"

"Seventy-nine and eighty-three."

"Lord! And they are good for another ten years. Strong as a horse, old Jane."

"Well, well," said Adela. "They were devoted to all you children."

A couple of days later Susan fell ill with bronchitis. Adela and her daughters, guiltily aware of each other's thought, tended the patient with meticulous care. When she was pronounced out of danger, Hector surprised on his father's face a look of humorous despair. He chuckled delightedly.

"So much for Scripture, Pater! Seventy years—I don't think!"

That same evening came news from the nursing home. Mabel had died under her operation.

It was the first break in the family circle.

Adela's grief was terrible.

"Oh, oh! To think of it. Mabel! Our Mabel!"

Her voice rose loud and shrill. "That she should be taken and those two left! It's cruel, cruel!"

"Adela."

Jane stood at the door.

"I came," she said, "about Mabel. We've just heard." She stood a moment staring. Her shaking hands fumbled at the door. "We are sorry," she muttered.

"Did you see her eyes?" whispered Hector.

"She must have heard," groaned Joshua.

"What if she did?" cried Adela. "I don't care. Mabel, Mabel."

The next morning the aunts' door was locked. Bending to deposit the breakfast tray on the mat, the servant was startled by a smell of gas.

Joshua was summoned and the door was burst open.

Both sisters were dead.

Susan's bed was drawn close to the grate. Jane lay with her head on the stove a few inches from the turned-on jet.

It was given out that Jane, moving about the room, had inadvertently turned on the tap, and that later, in attempting to rectify matters, she had succumbed to the fumes of the gas.

No mention was made of the locked door, of Susan's misplaced bed, or of the fact that Jane was still in full day attire.

The Cushioned Seat

By H. T. Kemball Cook

THE proprietor of a large travelling circus who announced recently that he had broken definitely with the tradition of his profession in order to provide his patrons with the cushioned seats considered indispensable to comfort in the modern entertainment world was probably unaware that he was performing a Symbolical Act, and he would certainly be surprised could he look into the future far enough to see some Carlyle of the twenty-first or twenty-second century giving to that section of his history which will cover the present era the general title of "The Cushioned Seat." Still less, it may be supposed, would he associate his declaration in favour of cushions with the lament uttered about the same time over the modern boy's lack of sustained enterprise. Of old, it was said in effect, the boy longed to go out and found empires; now his ambition was to stay at home and be kept by someone else. After all, it is impossible not to see something symbolical in this cushioning of the hard seats in the circus tent. For generations of boys the circus was the first great adventure. In the old days before picture houses, the coming of the circus to country places was a thing of the first importance in a boy's calendar, a glorious event, hardly dimmed by the knowledge that it would not be easy to get into the circus tent at all. There were difficult financial calculations to be made; probably, also, there were family objections to be overcome or circumvented. There will be no unjustice to those much maligned Victorians if it be admitted that the parental tendency to say "No" was more common and, generally, more effective than today. Yet, somehow or other, a way would be found and the small boy, squirming on his hard seat (not altogether without premonition of a period to come when even a softer seat might not, for the time, be comfortable) knew rapture. Subconsciously he would have sensed something wrong about a *cushioned* seat; it would have convicted him of sin. Also, since "soft seats" are now for hire even on cricket and football

grounds, the circus was almost the last stronghold of the theory that delight was even more delightful for a certain physical discomfort or lack of studied comfort. It was delightful to sit on a hard seat at Lords or the Oval just as it was delightful to drink awkwardly from a ginger-beer bottle, and to eat home-made sandwiches more than a little crushed by the adventures of the day. I know that Elia maintained that discomfort was a joy only in youth and that "competence to age is supplementary youth." Let those who have a competence decide; for my part, I can still enjoy cricket more for a hard seat and I cannot remember that the greybeards, among whom I sat on the hard seats of cricket grounds when I was a boy, ever wilted or complained. I wonder sometimes whether that scene at Twickenham last winter when the spectators threw their "soft seats" about in the joy of a fine match and a thrilling ending may have been subconsciously symbolical. Was there some mass-feeling of contempt for the sybaritism of which the spectators themselves had been guilty? Were they, for the moment, shamed hard-seaters once more?

What are the conditions which demand cushions everywhere? There must, at the outset, be some lack of concentration; the power to enjoy something seen or heard should be a power entirely independent of bodily comfort beyond a certain point, and so we are presented with a dilemma. Is it that the entertainment provided nowadays is so inferior that it is intolerable unless a looker-on is so comfortable that, in expressive vernacular, "he doesn't care if it snows"? Or is it that, lacking the power of concentration, the modern generation must have everything soft and comfortable at command before it can settle itself to the enjoyment of eye and ear? Consider the case of the theatres. The London theatre is the least luxurious place of indoor entertainment now available and it is the form of entertainment which is encountering the greatest difficulties through lack of public support. One explanation offered is the high prices, another is the lack of comfort. But is it not true that, if x represent the entertainment on the stage and y the entertainment in the auditorium—the acoustics, the line of vision, the comfort of the seats—then our grand-

fathers, unlike ourselves, could formulate the equation of pleasure as enjoyment=x; or even enjoyment=$x-y$; whereas we demand $x+y$. Whatever else may be put forward here, no one will suggest that the London theatre of fifty years ago was more comfortable than the London theatre of today. Even the argument of the competition of the picture places is not convincing. The entertainments provided by a good comedy in a theatre and by a good film, silent or otherwise, are different in kind, demanding different standards of enjoyment. If it be said that the chief reason why people go to the picture house (and the claim is often made) is to be found in the superior comfort of the picture house, then the case of the cushioned seat is serious indeed. There is yet another explanation. The young generation of today suffers acutely from an inferiority complex, a fact admitted even by some of its least modest representatives. Is it possible that an inferiority complex is a possession less uncomfortable in a cushioned seat?

It seems permissible, therefore, to argue that the demand for cushioned seats suggests that the English capacity for pure enjoyment is less than it was; enjoyment is no longer independent of surroundings. This is not all. It is quite possible to work out an argument which will present the cushioned seat as the giant smotherer of the old characteristic English humour. Take the case of the English music hall. The purveyors of modern music-hall shows and their press agents are never tired of telling us of the wonderful "reform" they have worked in the music hall. They are continually presenting themselves with bouquets made entirely from "the white flower of a blameless life." On the slightest provocation they will explain to you how they have made it possible for the English working man (by which I mean not the English supporter of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald but the person who works, whether with hands or brains) to bring not only his wife but all his children (even, or especially, the youngest) to sit in "comfortable cushioned seats" and to enjoy a "clean, *refaned*, entertainment." This is, in fact, a gigantic piece of humbug. What really happened was that astute purveyors of such entertainments noticed that audiences at the old music-

hall entertainment were largely male. They saw that there was an immense untapped reservoir at their disposal, hundreds of thousands of women, millions of children. They put out their lures. They offered "comfortable cushioned seats"; they put palms at the corners of the stage; they flooded the world with a great deal of nonsense about the "cleanness" of their shows. They had another brilliant idea. They noticed that there was an enormous section of the public which wanted always to look upward; not quite to heaven, be it understood, but to the doings of the class immediately above. Shop-girls loved to read about baronets, the comfortable middle-class cared nothing for plays about themselves but must have all their books and plays filled with belted earls and strawberry-leaved dukes. Did not Arthur Pendennis's publisher insist that all the characters in his first novel should be given at least one step in the peerage? So the music-hall purveyor invented that *refaned* setting supposed to represent a drawing room in selectest Bayswater, the performers in what Mr. Arnold Bennett would call faultless evening dress, with white gloves and a white flower in the buttonhole; one or two would sing and the others would sit in rapt (but careful) attitudes on a settee. Could the characteristic humour of the Englishman, racy of the soil, honestly broad, widely humorous, holding both its sides, perfectly honest and, to decent people, quite without serious offence, exist in such conditions? It did not exist long. It wilted; it died. Hardly anywhere in modern England, save perhaps in the counties most distant from London, is there any trace of it today. The jejune humour of Balliol is by far the best thing we have left; most of the jokes of the modern theatre or music hall are made to appear funny by the enthusiasm which convulses the people on the stage when they are brought out. It reminds one of that hollow mockery of applause with which the weakest of B.B.C. entertainments is hailed in the studio. But we boast of our cushioned seats and our cushioned sense of humour. The old Englishman sat on hard boards and drank his beer and roared at jokes which people who do not know the derivation of the word called "vulgar." Vulgar—belonging to the

common people—the richest possession any people caring for nationality can have. But the comfortable cushioned seat was an excellent lure for the woman who mistook cushions for culture. Yet boards could be scrubbed; cushions, even when beaten, are apt to hold dirt apart from what they may cover. Suggestive humour may be a worse thing, I suppose, than broad humour which says straight out what it means and does not attempt to tickle a depraved imagination.

The success of the cushioned seat in the world of entertainment produced reactions elsewhere. It became a general belief, much encouraged by the Church and by Uplifters, that nothing was bad so long as it was covered and that most things were bad as long as they were naked—it was about this time that we abolished that English word in favour of the Latin "nude" so that a "naked woman" was something almost inviting an appearance before a magistrate for the use of the phrase, whereas "nude woman" was almost permissible in a parish magazine. A whole dictionary of cushioned words was provided in newspaper offices to satisfy the new culture. Mr. Chesterton, in one of his "Father Brown" stories, made admirable play with the absurdities which Fleet street commits in this respect and the grotesque formulæ demanded in order to say what our grandfathers said quite naturally and without harm. The censorship became a gigantic cushion.

Indeed, cushions are becoming necessities from cradle to grave. Not only can we not watch a game without a cushioned seat or a play without a cushioned seat or a film without a cushioned seat; not only must our newspapers cushion the language so that words must not appear for some of the most ordinary things in human life, but the life of the modern child must be an affair of cushions. The conscientious modern parent must spend life in providing cushions in order that children may never sit down on anything hard; everything must be made easy; the facts of life must be imparted in carefully cushioned paraphrases and the child must be as little accustomed as possible to fend for itself. There are "reformers" who would like to provide state-paid officials to wipe school-children's noses. A naughty

child must never be punished, the doctor must be invoked and the doctor, being human and probably poor, will provide cushions of his own. Compare politics today and a century back and the cushions are very much in evidence. And, whether in private or in public life, cushions for our enemies and cushions for ourselves to kneel on in order to kow-tow to our "friends" are indispensable, except to Snowdens.

It may be said that there is nothing in all this which need alarm the lover of his country. It may be said—it is constantly being said—that the culture of a nation cannot stand still, that we should be exceedingly uncomfortable if we lived as the Elizabethans lived, and that we should blush a good deal if we talked as the Elizabethans talked. The argument is a fallacy. There is no need to pity the Elizabethans because they had not a complicated and cushioned system of society which they did not want; and the important thing is not that we might blush if we talked as the Elizabethans talked, but that the Elizabethans did not blush; there was no reason why they should. It is our misfortune if we blush now. It is still more our misfortune that history repeats itself and that cushions have been the ruin of all Empires. We are to the Elizabethans what the Romans of 350 A.D. were to the Romans of the Republic. Luxury—cushions—have almost smothered in us the Empire-building impulse, the pioneering spirit through which, if anything, young people must be restrained from unconsidered adventure. Today, they must be coaxed to undertake even the mildest forms of adventure within the Empire. As often as not they clamour to come home again or make the name of Englishman—that name which Oliver vowed to make as much to be feared as ever it had been under Elizabeth—stink in the outposts of Empire by grumbling that there are not enough cushions provided. Bread and circuses! Is there not something a little appropriate and a little daunting in this business of providing cushioned seats for the circuses?

Journey's End

A Supplementary Estimate

By R. V. Dawson

HERR E. M. REMARQUE'S "All Quiet on the Western Front" and Mr. R. C. Sherriff's *Journey's End* have received wider and more spontaneous appreciation, coupled with narrower and more shallow criticism, than has been accorded to any work for many years. Each man in his own way has shown us the reality of modern warfare, and has exposed it as an animal reality, brutish, bestial and degraded, and unsupported by any hint of spiritual realism. They have pared it clean of romance and of the accretions of sentimentality. They have shown us war, stark war. The two works have been translated into every important European language, impression after impression has been sold, performance after performance has been applauded. Are we to throw puny criticism in the face of this? Are we to call the reading and play-going public of Europe deluded and degenerate? Are we to condemn every rank of society of base ingratitude and sensation-mongering? Is it now criminal to face facts? Let us strip off all the sentimentality which we assumed during the war, and without which those four years would have been unendurable. Let us dissipate the mists of romance existing in the minds of those who are beginning to forget, and of those who never knew. And what have we? Heroes? One or two. Men? Millions.

On the eve of the war man was enjoying the fruits of peace, the opportunities which grow up with security, the comforts of law and order; in fact, all the amenities of civilisation. He was enjoying the benefits conferred on him as a citizen of his nation. Suddenly the safety of the state was menaced, and he had to forgo his rights to fulfil his obligations, for thereon rested the security of his rights. Those who realised where their duty lay joined up at once; those who hung back went when they were compelled. Only a handful of conscientious objectors remained, and they are to be pitied, though contemporary sentiment was not indicative of such an attitude. The

conscientious objector is, after all, either mentally or neurally defective; either he cannot appreciate his obligations, or he cannot fulfil them. But of the rest, the tens of millions who fought, and the millions who died, were they heroes? Let us say, rather, that they were men who did their duty. Is the postman who delivers letters in a storm a hero, or the miner who works for eight hours a day in a crouching attitude? But they choose their work! Certainly, and every soldier chose to fight. He had explicitly chosen to enjoy the amenities of the state in which he lived, and thereby implicitly assumed the obligations involved. Then why regard a man as a man when he is enjoying his rights, and as a hero when he is performing his duties? Why should we examine human frailty under normal circumstances with such inhuman scrutiny, and assume its non-existence under the most shattering conditions conceivable? The whole attitude is ridiculous, and can only arise in the mind of a critic who confuses the sentimentality which accompanied the war with the reality of the war itself. Now we are capable of a detached view, let us see things as they were, not the means by which we tried to make them tolerable.

There is no more point in calling the men who went to fight heroes than there is in saying they had two legs. They were under a common moral obligation, and millions of them never wavered. Those who did were restrained by the disgrace awaiting desertion, and the obloquy attending funk. Heroism used to imply sacrifice transcending the immediate exactions of duty; during the war it was applied to every man who answered duty's call. But how many of those men felt in their hearts that they were heroes? That idea was left for sentimentality-mongers, for those who wished to make England a land fit for heroes to live in. In a sense, of course, every man who fought was a hero—someone's hero, some village's hero—and it would be ungrateful to decry domestic sentiment, but when we see the thing as a whole, where is the heroism? It is where Mr. Sherriff has perceived it, in the heart of a man whose sensibilities threaten to overwhelm his physical courage, and yet whose spiritual integrity and inbred sense of duty demand inexorably the stopping up of every access of weakness. Stanhope

stands firm as the supreme example of the heroism which many men were called upon to express. He knew that his finer feelings and sensitive nerves had no place in an environment of bestial slaughter: that the human adjustments made by civilization were useless in the squalor of barbarism. Yet he knew that his country's safety rested on the successful issue of war, and so he made the greatest sacrifice a man can make; the sacrifice of his higher self. Then only was he able to fulfil his obligations to his country. If this is not heroism, then God knows what is! But it was the heroism of a civilized man, not of the man who neither thought nor felt, but of a man who realised and suffered, and whose physical and intellectual attributes were under the stern control of a discerning yet inflexible spirit. In Hibbert we have a man who was incapable of the understanding by which he might have adjusted himself to circumstances, and circumstances nearly overcame him. Yet when the crisis came, he stood to it like a man. And what of the rest?—Osborne, Trotter, Raleigh, the amusing batman, and the whole company of men who filed along the trench to their appointed places to meet a bloody dawn?

Let not captious and ignorant criticism prejudice the understanding of this play, for it is a great work, artistically and spiritually. Instead, let every man and woman look into the soul of Stanhope with sympathy and discernment, and when they have seen a civilized man shattered by war, when they have realized the ghastly fatuity of it all, the degradation and futility, we shall have an argument stronger than patriotism, and more universal than the League of Nations. We shall have an argument based on a common understanding of civilized humanity.

Twelve nations are staging *Journey's End*, according to one critic, with a view to enjoying the spectacle of a demoralised Britain. Let us look at the truth. Twelve nations are now far enough away from reality to dare to examine its spiritual implications. This play, in common with "All Quiet," has given them the opportunity. Italy alone is a prominent exception—a glorious one in the opinion of the critic—the one country "that has lately re-established manhood as a popular ideal." Only a

man grossly oblivious of Italian history could make such a remark. Italy is a new nation, still establishing her unity, organizing her manhood, and instilling lessons of responsibility. The performance of duty still has to be rewarded with the halo of heroism, the force of sentiment has to support the demands of obligation. The time is not ripe for Italy to look through the strength of society to the facts of humanity, for the citizen to look at the individual. There is still the fear that society and citizen might be forgotten. Mussolini is right, he is performing a great work; but for an Englishman to point to Italy for an example of manhood, to point to a collection of men who are governed by the iron will of a dictator, who are held together by the stimulus of aggressive patriotism—this is more than ignorance: it is insolence.

Twelve nations, victor and vanquished, France and Germany have staged the play. How many have seen therein a demoralized Britain? How many have not seen their own men sitting in that dug-out, lived with them and suffered? The real opinion of a great play is rarely gleaned from the fashionable expressions overheard in the foyer; it exists in the hearts of men and is seldom uttered. So far from showing twelve countries a demoralized Britain, we have shown the whole world that we are worthy to be numbered with the greatest, that we can realize our obligations and fulfil them, that we can face our weaknesses and transcend them, that in the light of duty we can go through hell to victory.

Like any other Night

By H. E. W. Gay

TONIGHT was like any other night. Regularly, when John Traverton had shut his office for the day, and had had his evening meal at 7.30, he went along to the club. It was the rendezvous of the respectable, fairly-comfortably-off professional and retired gentlemen of a select little town on the upper reaches of the Thames. There was an air of being " established " about the club. Its newspapers, whisky and members bore the unmistakable hall-mark of that quality. It was a club for men from whom the years have taken the heartaches and ardours of youth, and given in their place a quiet satisfaction with things that are real—like a glass of good whisky or a rise in the value of their securities.

John Traverton placed the stub of his cigar in an ash-tray—a little regretfully, but with the air of a man who has others of like excellence in his case—and folded his newspaper. He got up from his chair, stretched like a man who has been unconsciously digesting a good meal, and collected his hat and stick from the cloakroom.

His way home lay by the bank of the river, along a path that meandered through fields and beneath scattered trees. Invariably he chose this way. It was jollier, and involved a longer walk than the road way. And the latter was still a slight consideration to a man who was not yet middle-aged enough to accept an increasing girth with equanimity.

He was entirely at peace with the world as he walked by the willows. His thoughts were not set on any particular subject, but there was a pleasantly diffused contentment about them. His broker had bought and sold for him—without spending a single penny—a parcel of shares, which would result in a cheque for £50 on settlement day. He had just secured the legal conveyancing work for the big estate being developed farther up the river. That would be worth a couple of thousand in fees. And behind it all was the subconscious knowledge that he was walking home to a house that was tastefully furnished and smoothly run by a wife with whom he jogged along in a comfortable way. All

about him was the magic of the dusk. But he was not aware of it in that way. It was merely a setting, free of any jarring note to the solid contentment of a middle-aged lawyer strolling back from his club.

As he was passing a close-clipped garden hedge, he heard the music of a piano coming from the house beyond. For a moment or two he did not trouble to glance up. It was just a wireless loud speaker going, of course. Then something familiar about a few notes made him cast his eyes over the hedge.

It was not the wireless. About twenty yards away from him, through French windows standing open to a lawn, he saw a girl playing a grand piano, while a young man in evening dress rested an elbow on the piano and watched her. In the softened glow of electric light the room presented an unexpected and charming picture.

John Traverton stopped, but not out of mere curiosity. An instinctive sense of politeness would have prevented him from watching a scene that was evidently the intimate concern of the two young people in it. But the unexpectedness of that tune, and hearing it in just that setting, overwhelmed any other consideration.

It was a startling confrontation, stirring in Traverton such a queer feeling that for a moment or two he was surprised that he could be capable of it. The girl was playing Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. He recognized it at once, not because he had any considerable knowledge of musical works, but because the dreaming beauty of the sonata was inseparably bound up with the long time ago when he had made love to his wife. She played very well in those days, when entertainment could not be effortlessly provided by manipulating a switch.

He stood watching and listening, realizing at first with something like dismay, that the mood creeping on him was emotional. But he could not, as the middle-aged lawyer in him wished to do, pass on with a smile and a mental shrug. A softly lighted room, music, young love dreaming. . . . Yes, it was a pretty phase, but life was not like that. No, he could not do it. The scene was too vividly reminiscent. It was as though a theatre curtain had gone up, to reveal an incident clear-cut from his life.

Slowly, with that almost formless melody that produces so faithfully in sound the gentle diffusion of moonlight, the girl conjured from the piano the magic of the sonata. Until that moment Traverton had forgotten that the earth held such a melody, as he had forgotten himself standing just like the young man beyond the French windows. But it was vivid enough now. It stirred the very deuce of a commotion within him. He became aware of all sorts of things that must have been there all the time, although he had not noticed them. The air was full of the scent of flowers, and there were moths fluttering in the dusk. A strange feeling gripped him that he had lost something wonderfully precious for a long time, and was only just remembering that he once had it. His face became a little more finely drawn, and his eyes brightened as though a light had been kindled behind them.

The young man did not move for some moments, even after the girl had finished playing. Then she stretched an arm towards him, and smiled. He took her hand and did what in any other setting would have seemed to Traverton a rather stupid thing. He kissed the tips of her fingers.

Traverton felt that he was watching a ghostly love scene, with himself and his wife, Mary, the actors in it. An impulse that somehow did not seem absurd made him remove his hat. The young man's kissing the girl's finger-tips did not strike him as a theatrical affectation. He, too, had kissed Mary's hand, and he understood the mood that made the gesture natural. It was because, in those moments, you lived in another world that was more graciously beautiful, and it made you forget yourself. The young man did not kiss the girl's lips, and that, too, Traverton understood. There was nothing possessive in that sort of happiness. It humbled one. How well Traverton understood! And after—when kissed finger-tips suggested nothing but comic foreigners, and kisses on the lips had become perfunctory . . . That, too, he knew.

He was torn by a fierce conflict of feeling. The John Traverton with his hat in his hand confronted the John Traverton with greying hair on his head and stark sanity within it. Life was not what the boy and the girl

over there were thinking it was. They were humbugging themselves with a romantic delusion. The latter John Traverton was harshly emphatic because—hang it!—wasn't it true? But all the time the other part of him was disagreeing in a rather plaintive sort of way. Life *was* like that—for them. The proof of it was in that room. Besides, why be angry about something that was just a romantic delusion?

It was touch and go for a moment whether the hat should be jammed protectively over the stark sanity beneath the greying hair. The disagreement was fatuous. If it were argued in a club——

But the girl was playing again, and the conflict of feeling in Traverton became subdued. Her playing was like a gentle answer to that harsh question about the truth. To listen to music in the dusk, to know happiness like a rapier thrust through one's soul—was not that the *truth* about life? He wanted to tell them—those ghosts of Mary and himself!—that he knew it so much more surely than they, who had not yet doubted it. Swiftly he turned his eyes from the room, as though he wished to carry away his impression of that moment locked up in his memory. He felt happy as he walked on. He thought of that scene as of some beautiful thing, persisting for ever. Men might forget its existence, but it would be there all the same. It was delightful to think about—like the cave he had discovered as a schoolboy, about which he used to feel secretly happy during the harassment of term.

He hurried along the path by the river. There was a queer feeling of excitement impelling his footsteps home. He wanted to talk to Mary, to tell her all about the imaginative adventure that had befallen him on his way back from the club. Once or twice he found himself actually running, until shortness of breath made him desist. It was exhilarating to have something thrilling to tell to his wife. He chuckled as he remembered the dull futilities that he had thought of as news for her when he had left the club. A fifty pounds "turn" on shares, and a couple of thousand in fees on conveyancing! But this—he felt more excited about telling it than if it had been an adventure with a lion!

He closed the garden gate behind him, and lingered

for a few moments in the flower-bordered "crazy" path. The moon had just floated clear of a cluster of fir trees, and all about him was very still. He had thought before, when returning from his club, how restful it was in his garden. But tonight the quiet and beauty of it touched something deeper in him. He saw and felt it more vividly. There was no light visible in the drawing-room. Traverton peered at his wrist watch and saw it was nearly twelve o'clock. Mary would have gone to bed, thinking something had kept him later than usual at the club. There was no one for her to sit up with nowadays since Evelyn had married and gone to live in Town.

The feeling of suppressed excitement was still with him as he made his way upstairs. Ordinarily he would call out to Mary as he passed the door of her room. But tonight he must see her, sit on the edge of her bed and talk. The thrill of his adventure would be lost if he could not share it with her.

He called her name, and the note of eagerness in his voice made it sound strange in his ears. There was no answer. He called again. But the silence remained unbroken save for the tick of the clock in the hall.

For a moment he felt an acute sense of disappointment —like a schoolboy bursting with some triumph, only to find that no one wants to hear about it. Perhaps it was foolish. What, after all, had he got to say? Supposing he could not make her understand, and she just looked at him, wonderingly at first, then, after a glance at the clock and a quiet reference to the club, with *complete* understanding. . . .

But he thrust the thought from him. Women were more discerning than men. They lived closer to their emotions and memories. Mary would understand.

He entered her room and tip-toed towards her bed. He would wake her gently with a hand on her shoulder, and when she looked up at him asking if anything were wrong, he would shake his head and laugh quietly at the surprise in her eyes.

"A queer thing," he would begin, "happened to me tonight on my way home from the club."

It seemed so very natural and simple at that moment to confide in her. The moonlight, flooding through the open casement windows, lent an air of unreality to the

room. It was not merely a sleeping apartment adjoining his own, but a place under a spell of enchantment—like the room down by the river.

He stood for a moment by the bedside, looking down at her. The subdued light left the grey in her hair unrevealed, so that it seemed richly black against the whiteness of the pillow. It lent a touch of the ethereal to the face framed by the dark mass of hair. She was still beautiful, this woman with whom he jogged along comfortably.

His hand moved slowly towards her shoulder, to awaken her. But before it touched her, she stirred in her sleep, and Traverton waited, wondering whether she would wake of her own accord. But her eyelids did not move. Then a smile came about her lips, and Traverton withdrew his hand, watching her. Was it, he wondered, some queer form of telepathy between them? The smile was not transitory. Her hands moved vaguely, as though she wished to stretch her arms to him. He saw the smile deepen, from the merest flicker at her lips, until her whole countenance was suffused as by some inward radiance. He wanted to see the tenderness of that smile in her face as she looked at him, listening to what he had to tell her.

"You are still very beautiful, Mary," he wanted to say. "And there was a song in my heart just now as I watched you asleep."

Wild, impossible things, that yet, in the enchantment of the moment as their hands groped towards each other, were so beautifully true. And then, like a sudden, reminding tap on his shoulder, he heard the clock in the hall strike the quarter hour. It seemed to link up in a flash that moment of time with the slow, orderly passage of the hours, leading inevitably to bath and breakfast. His hands dropped to his side, and he moved away from the bed. The smile still lingered on Mary's face, and her hands still seemed vaguely to seek his. Very quietly he made his way to the door, and closed it behind him.

He was conscious of a strange feeling of gratitude to the clock in the hall. It was like the voice of common sense, telling him how to keep that adventure of his inviolate.

Of Singing English in England*

By Hermon Ould

THERE are as many arguments in favour of singing foreign songs in English as there are in favour of singing songs in the language for which they were written; but there is no legitimate argument in favour of singing bad English versions of German songs, and gradually Messrs. A. H. Fox Strangways and Steuart Wilson are removing even the shadow of an excuse for doing so. In a world where everybody understood every language it would be inexcusable to substitute other words for those which had been carefully chosen by a composer, but why not admit at once that the greater number of even moderately well-educated concert-goers are quite incapable of taking in the meaning of a German song at a first hearing? To declare airily—as music-lovers not infrequently do—that a song can be appreciated just as well without understanding the words is tantamount to saying that the meaning of a poem when set to music is of no consequence. A song is only successful in so far as it is a just union of poem and music. If the words are in themselves without merit, it would be infinitely preferable to substitute vowel-sounds for them and treat the voice as if it were any other musical instrument. Possibly one of the reasons why opera is so slow to take root in England is the tradition which allows the great imported singers to sing in their own language or the language of the country whence they come. It is curious that it is only in England that such a tradition exists. In Germany, opera is always sung in German; in Italy, in Italian; in France, in French. But in England opera is gratefully accepted in any language—sometimes in more languages than one during the same performance—provided it be well sung. Granted, to hear Lohengrin's address to the Swan rendered "Mercé, mercé, cigno gentil" is to register an impression different from that designed by Wagner, and anything less like "Caro nome" and

* "Schumann's Songs Translated." By A. H. Fox Strangways and Steuart Wilson. Oxford University Press. 2 volumes, 5s. each.

"Voi che sapete" than the accepted German translation of them would be hard to invent; but German opera-lovers are not assumed to understand Italian, nor Italians German, and it is time that the assumption—much less warranted—ceased to be made about English opera-lovers.

Literature, after all, attains international recognition only through translation, and musicians, who enjoy the magnificent privilege of employing a medium which is universal, ought, when calling upon their hand-maiden Literature, to see that she is appropriately clad. The difficulties of the task must not be underestimated. The perfect translator—transmuter would be an apter word—must have many gifts. Least important, perhaps, is a very profound knowledge of the original language, since his versions will inevitably involve many compromises. He must, however, possess considerable poetic power, and it will not be reckoned as an extenuation of his offence if he makes a bad English poem out of a bad foreign poem. Silk purses are demanded in the place of sows' ears. Schubert, among others, was guilty of setting many mediocre verses of which more than adequate English renderings have been made. Above all, the translator must be a musician, able not merely to seize the rhythm and cadence of a poem but also to provide singable sounds. Impossible consonants must not be allotted to high notes, nor sequences of sounds which will strain the vocal cords of a singer. English, sung by a singer with a sense of the beauty of its innumerable vowel sounds, can be one of the most attractive of all languages, but it is not—in comparison with Italian or German—an easy language to sing, and the writer of words for music should be well equipped with knowledge of the singer's art.

Of the musicianship of Mr. Fox Strangways and Mr. Steuart Wilson there can be no doubt. What share each of them had in the production of these versions of Schumann's songs is not clear, but the fact that Mr. Wilson is himself a very sensitive singer ensures success in making them singable. Those who know and love the songs in German must put preconceived notions from them, remembering that these versions are not for them

but for their less fortunate brethren who do not know that language. "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai" will for them never be anything but "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," but before they protest indignantly that "wunderschön" is something quite other than "lovely," let them try to find a single word which *is* a better translation and fit it to the required number of notes with the predestined accents. Considered merely as literature, these new versions are often very fine and in most cases incomparably better than their predecessors; considered as words for singing they are almost unimpeachable; considered as translations, we can only be thankful that the spirit of the originals has in so many cases been faithfully conveyed and in so many other cases so skilfully adapted. It may be laid down as an axiom that Heine is untranslatable. To attempt to render him literally and at the same time bear in mind the exigencies of a given vocal line is in itself a proof of heroism. The present heroes, seeking the spirit rather than the letter, have generally created something which bears a recognizable likeness to the original, even when the actual meaning has not been conveyed.

> "But when you say 'My love, my love,'
> My joy too bitter-sweet doth prove,"

could not be accepted as a translation of Heine's

> "Und wenn Du sagst 'Ich liebe Dich,'
> Dann muss ich weinen bitterlich,"

which is much more intense and poignant, but it is skilfully adapted to Schumann's music which somehow adds the poignancy not present in the English words.

Messrs. Fox Strangways and Steuart Wilson have now given us substantial selections from Schubert and Schumann: may we expect them to perform the same service for Brahms and Hugo Wolf? While Richard Strauss's songs remain in copyright, we must presumably put up with the incredibly inept English versions which accompany the German edition.

All Soul's Eve

By Joyce E. J. Collard

NEVER a creature stirred within the house when I crept out,
And not an eye is watching me to see which way I rove;
The moor is full of shadows and the moon grows pale above,
I hear the midnight bells a-chime from steeples all about,
And it's time to meet my love.

A month ago he said to me, "On All Souls' Eve we'll meet.
I'll wait beside the cross-roads, for I dare not come to you
While these red-coats watch the village—but I know my dear is true.
She will come to me at midnight, to make the short hours sweet,
And plight our troth anew."

There's many a prowling ghost abroad upon the moor tonight,
But I will keep my fingers crossed and just stare straight ahead.
Although my heart is broken by the tidings newly spread,
They shall not keep me from his side—we have a troth to plight
Before the dawn grows red.

The moon is sliding down the sky, day is not far behind,
And I must haste to meet the man who said he'd wait for me.
I shall find him at the cross-roads . . . though no glad sight to see . . .
For they've hanged him there in rusty chains—he's twisting in the wind
Upon the gallows-tree.

Change

By Geoffrey Johnson

In waistcoat brown and yellow
A thrush upon a tree
Is gale-swung o'er the winter-flooded copse,
A whistling look-out fellow
With coat-tails flapping free
Right in the perilous mizzen-tops;
Yet surely, surely, with prophetic eyes
The fabulous verge of Spring-land he descries.

By such strange impulse bidden
Boys know the hour of tops;
The secret spinning in the wheels of Time
From us is not more hidden.
Whips come, the marble drops
Like kingdoms or a closing rhyme.
Birdhood and boyhood hold the secret dear
Of running through the ages in a year.

Thrush, with your music griefless,
But yesterday you sang
To grave, hard Romans of a Spring not far,
Though Tiber's vines were leafless.
Boy, with your top and slang,
You are the very rogue, you are,
Who shouted, whipped, and cocked a saucy nose
Even in grim Neronian porticoes.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Language of the Trenches

"Have you read 'All Quiet on the Western Front,' Sar'nt?" asked Heddle.

"I have," replied Sergeant Murphy.

"Is it good?"

"No, but I liked it. What I mean is, it mayn't be good litherachoor, but it's good enough for me. It told me for the first time what them divils of Jerries on the other side of No Man's Land felt about the whole dam thing. There we were—next-door neighbours, as you might say—and neither side had a thrace of a notion of the other fellah's opinions. All we knew was what the papers told us, which was that Jerry's wan aim was to surrendher in ordher to have a blow out on the gorgeous rations Tommy was supposed to be havin'—I've known the time when the scale was eight to a loaf. And, if Jerry got hold of the selfsame papers, he'd undherstand, on the authority of some omadhaun at the Base, that wance Tommy had enough fags, he threatened to mutiny unless he was goin' over the top five days a week. My God!

"So I was glad to read in this book that Jerry had just as rotten a time as ourselves. He was ordhered to attack unbroken barbed wire like we were; he had his swarm of comic brass hats who thought smart salootin' would win anny war; and his skull was as easy dented be a piece of shrapnel as ours was. That ought to console some of us."

"Funny," said Heddle, "the way some blinking librarians want to ban the book. All because it gives the real language that was used in the trenches."

"Why funny?" asked the Sergeant. "There's more goes to lendin' libraries than ould sweats like us two. Why shouldn't a librarian think the book too coarse in its language for it to stand on the shelf rubbin' shouldhers with, maybe, Ethel M. Dell?"

"But the language was true."

"Thrue?" said the Sergeant. "It was thrue wance, but it isn't now. I've pinched that notion from ould Einstein. Nobody could tell me annythin' of the language

we used in the threnches. I was as foul as the next man—and fouler. It's nothin' to boast about. Likewise, the memory doesn't cause me sleepless nights. It was the right language for the occasion. You can't ask a man to talk like Aunt Betsy of Pansy Novels when he's lousy and caked with mud in a filthy thrench and freezin' and with Death grinnin' at him over the parapet. Foul language was then *de rigoor*.

"But to put that language in print is a dirty thrick. It means shiftin' it out of its proper settin', which doesn't give it a chance. 'Nearer My God To Thee' is a grand hymn, but it wouldn't sound its best if a Rugby forward was to sing it while he was dhraggin' the lung out of another.

"I'm all agen dictaphone reports of language that was never intended for publication. There's certain things that decent people don't want recorded on the minutes. It's wan of the points that distinguishes the fellah that's civilized from the clod. And to bring them up in cold blood is like undhressin' in public. You atthract attention, but you ought to have your next meal in a cell.

"Another thing, if the author wants to tell the real thruth about the war, it's not a damned bit of good bein' real wan minute and unreal the next. If you're goin' to photograph the language, why thry to make an oil paintin' of the fightin'?

"Still, the book may do some good in killin' the war spirit. The present dhrive for peace is mostly talk and, if arguments agen it could kill war, the tomb of ould Mars would be mossgrown be now. But the war spirit'll take a lot of killin', even in professional pacifists."

"Pacifists?" repeated Heddle. "You don't mean that?"

"I said pacifists," was the reply, "and I meant every word of it. You've heard of Misther Theodore Snow, author of 'A Thrombone-Call To Peace.' Well, I saw him the other day fightin' his way on to a bus in Fleet Sthreet and the ground was sthrewn with the people he thrampled on in ordher to get aboard.

"There's nothin' so ferocious as a pacifist when he wants annythin' badly."

Invaders

By Horace Shipp

Jew Süss. Adapted by Ashley Dukes from the novel by Lion Feuchtwanger. (Duke of York's.)
The Seagull. By Anton Tchehov. (Fortune.)
The Rising Sun. By Herman Heijermans. (Kingsway.)
The Silver Tassie. By Sean O'Casey. (Apollo.)

THE autumn season in the London Theatre has opened well, if well-being consists in a fair percentage of intelligent plays.

The second batch of productions constitutes a foreign invasion. It becomes a little difficult to allot praise and blame when the word "adapted" confuses the issue of authorship. Ashley Dukes, for example, has boldly limited his stage play to one of the many threads in Lion Feuchtwanger's novel; Christopher St. John has, I judge, repainted the local colour of Herman Heijermans' play; whilst Constance Garnett has achieved the rare feat of a translation which retains sensitiveness and beauty.

Jew Süss in its new guise is good theatre, if nothing more. Necessarily it lacks the social sweep which brought the book near to greatness; and, unfortunately, it emphasizes the fault of cancelled motives which came near to wrecking the novel. Feuchtwanger changed his characters, or left them static; he did not develop them. The Jew who began by committing every social and personal crime in the calendar ended as the compassionate hero; Magdalen was the soul of purity and then the willing mistress of her Duke. It was the fault of the book; it remains the fault of the play. Although in the case of Magdalen Mr. Dukes has taken vast liberties with the motives which underlay her acquiescence, his variations do not make her more convincing. Truth to tell, *Jew Süss* should be seen, but doesn't bear thinking about. It gives Matheson Lang a spectacular part, makes a resplendent stage picture full of good colour and movement, and generally has evolved into a romantic costume play. Happily, one has the feeling that Mr. Dukes has aimed at that particular effect, for the difficulties of dramatizing such a novel are almost insurmountable.

For basic beauty instead of superficial commend me

to the Tchehov season which opened at the Kingsway with *The Seagull*. Tchehov was universal; he recognized that the tragedy and comedy of contemporary life depend, not upon tragic or happy action, but upon subtle movements of mind and spirit. His curtains fall upon stages strewn, not with dead bodies after the robust Elizabethan fashion, but with dead souls prisoned in bodies which play cards, or drink tea, or pursue the meaningless routine of existence. His is the tragedy of inaction and futility; the tragedy of "the heroic which proved too hard"; the tragedy of our individual loneliness as we fail to establish contacts with our fellows. All this, and much more, is in *The Seagull*, that story of two young souls who come to experience asking for fineness, and meet disaster in the guise of success, so that one goes on living knowing the emptiness of it all, and the other dies in the realization of that futility. The *Seagull* is probably Tchehov's best play; but *The Three Sisters*, which is the next play on the list, is akin to it in beauty, subtlety, and that quietly great humour which is Tchehov's. Mr. Ridgeway is performing a service to the London theatre in giving us the opportunity of seeing these works, and no playgoer should miss one of them.

The Rising Sun, I confess, pleased me not at all. From the beginning it seemed to have all its values wrong. This small tradesman who faced efficient competition by Homeric laughter whilst he and his young daughter bluffed, swindled, borrowed, and begged their way to inevitable bankruptcy might have been the subject for an amoral comedy; but for a tragedy where arson and death by burning brought us to a sentimental unhappy ending of self-torturing, hysterical confession, he was no hero. The youngest character suffered from epilepsy, the eldest from softening of the brain; and, judging by their actions, those between from a combination of these distresses. We learned that business both big and small in Holland is founded upon swindling insurance companies —a confirmed opinion evidently of Mynheer Hiejermans, whose other play, *The Good Hope*, indicates this also. No, it will not do! We welcome foreign plays when they are contributions to the theatre, but this obvious comedy and unconvincing tragedy for tragedy's sake has no

claim. The players worked heroically, especially Angela Baddeley as the girl and Frank Cellier as the father; Richard Goolden played a music-hall stage Jew in Saturday night second-house style; but, although my neighbours seemed to be liking it, it left me cold.

Again we move to greatness with the new work by Sean O'Casey. *The Silver Tassie* has faults—there are moments when he loses grasp of his matter, times when he allows his humorous relief to swamp everything, times when he holds up the whole drama under the hypnotism of the Irish dialect—but in its enormous sweep it can carry a hundred such blemishes and yet remain a work of genius. The significance of Sean O'Casey's work has always been that he could mix absolute realism, and even the farcical realism which the Irish character supplies freely, with sheer imagination. In this play he has carried that method to a daringly logical conclusion. "Its theme," to quote that magnificent poet, Wilfred Owen, "is war and the pity of war; the poetry lies in the pity." The whole second act, written abstractly, impersonally, expressionistically, takes place in France, but the great gun which dominates the *mise-en-scène* does not give tongue. O'Casey's sense of realism is not of the kind which could depend upon theatrical noises and lights for a battle. He conveys the war with little terrible phrases, dull chants, shuffling groups of figures. It is the war as it spiritually was. It is seen entirely from the viewpoint of the ranks, and this one-sidedness of statement is an error; but the poignant impersonality of that scene is one of the greatest pieces of art we have had on the English stage, and it was a fine idea to get Augustus John to design it. The rest of the play shows life going on when war has passed. There is humour and to spare, but always the dreadful undercurrent of tragedy, centred now in the maimed man who once had been the hero of the football field. Charles Laughton alone could carry the piece for tragedy, or Sidney Morgan and Barry Fitzgerald for comedy; but the ensemble comes near perfection. Rarely on the London stage do we get so fine a play so well presented. *The Silver Tassie* has more real humour than most avowedly funny pieces, yet it has tragic beauty and lasting significance. It must be seen.

Books

SHAKESPEARE.

SHORT STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE. By G. F. BRADBY. MURRAY. 6s.

As the madness of cipher discoverers and strangely equipped Baconians continues, it is pleasant to see a reasonable and well-written book on Shakespeare which regards him not as a demigod but subject to criticism and comment, like lesser men. Shakespeare could be both lazy and careless, as all close students of his plays know, and Mr. Bradby lays before us clearly the discrepancies left in the text of *Hamlet*, a play on which general agreement will never be reached. The article on the "Sonnets" rightly calls attention to the differences between Elizabethan expression of feeling and our own, but the conclusions drawn seem a little timid and cautious. In some of his views the author might, we think, have gained by a wider knowledge of expert criticism, though that is asking him to do an immense amount of reading, much of which may be unremunerative. His general view of *Henry V* is sound. It is a good acting play, but does that prove that Shakespeare admired Henry, whom he presents as a conscious braggart and whose war-cry, putting himself first, is "God for Henry, England and Saint George"? The great maker of drama could, as is pointed out under *King Richard II*, humour his audience as well as please himself, and the question how far he was doing the one or the other is sometimes difficult to decide. A recent book makes the point that both Macbeth and Hamlet went over the edge of reason into madness, and there is much to be said for that view. The right answer to the question about Macbeth, "How can we be so deeply interested in a base and cruel murderer?" is that suggested by Mr. Bradby. There is another Macbeth besides the murderer, whose voice accompanies him through the play, the inner man who condemns the series of crimes and can see the truth. The idea of Lady Macbeth as a frail, little woman has already been developed by other critics. Jacques, in *As You Like It*, is not, as is remarked, a consistent character, and his general patronage of everybody at the end of the play is rather astonishing. He reminds us of the man in Tennyson's "Vision of Sin."

> He had not wholly quench'd his power;
> A little grain of conscience made him sour.

Falstaff is said to be less popular with women than with men, because they are "less willing to suspend their moral judgments." This seems to us a doubtful generalization. A more obvious reason is that women know nothing of the tavern gaiety in which Falstaff indulges and therefore do not readily sympathize with it. The same lack of experience prejudices their judgment concerning many gay figures in literature that a man readily enjoys, such as Mr. Jorrocks or Mr. Pickwick. V. R.

BOOKS

SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY VI AND RICHARD III. By PETER ALEXANDER. With an Introduction by A. W. POLLARD. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.

WE are unwilling to cut out of Shakespeare's plays anything that appears in the First Folio; so we welcome carefully elaborated suggestions that the master hand at a period when the dramatist was learning his business was responsible for the *Henry VI* series and *Richard III*. The chief value of Mr. Alexander's inquiry is that it is based on the new study of the text and bad Quartos in which Mr. Pollard, who writes an interesting preface, was a pioneer. Of this textual argument it is impossible in a brief space to give a reasonable account, but experts will follow it with great interest. Mr. Alexander examines Greene's famous sneer at Shakespeare and concludes—rightly, we think—that if Greene's actual work was revised by Shakespeare, the complainer would have said so plainly. Otherwise, as Mr. Hart has shown in his edition, traces of Greene's style are evident. The sources we possess for forming conclusions about Shakespeare's earliest dramatic work are singularly meagre, and Mr. Alexander makes much of the tradition that he was for a while a schoolmaster. But this is not very helpful for the explanation of learned allusions. A young schoolmaster would hardly take the higher classes; he would be confined to a dull round of ordinary knowledge; and we do not know that schoolmasters as a whole are distinguished as scholars. The whole ground of Shakespeare's attainments in learning is dubious and disputed, and little can be gathered from it about the authorship of the plays. In that little we do not always agree with Mr. Alexander, but his work is solid. It is a pity that it is devoted to such poor stuff, much of which the literary critic instinctively rejects as impossible for Shakespeare. One point not yet settled and of great importance is the right of players to get plays written up or altered, calling in anyone they pleased. The strongest and strangest instance of this is the very poor and clumsy stuff in *Cymbeline V*, 4. Here, if style counts for anything, a beginner meddled with the work of an accomplished dramatist.

FICTION.

HANS FROST. By HUGH WALPOLE. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

MR. WALPOLE is now master of an easy and effective style which shows up any story to advantage. This one is not convincing in the working out of the plot, but excellent in its exposition of the jealousies, troubles, and insincerities of the literary life. When we first see Hans Frost, he is the author of many books, and has shown a versatility which seems to us decidedly unusual. At the age of seventy he is a literary figure, and has lived long enough to be greeted with rather shallow enthusiasm because

that is the right thing to produce. Yet, according to his own account, he "can't be simple and natural" in his writing, apart from a single volume of poems. He has been sheltered and spoilt and kept up to social appearances by a rich, handsome wife who makes his life comfortable and enjoys the prestige of his genius. The irruption of a poor and pretty niece breaks up all this luxury. The great author is enraptured by her youth, freshness, and frank admiration of his genius. He supports her in a love affair with a dubious Russian, gives up his home, and follows her to the discomfort of a seaside hamlet in Cornwall, where, we gather, he lived till he died and got inspiration for a new book. He rejoiced in the quiet of a secluded life, though parted from his fine library, and somehow, though the young girl loved another of her own age, he found a sort of immortality in his love for her. She responded in a similar strain. All this is much less satisfactory than the picture of his wife, a possessive, maternal woman, determined to keep what she has laid hold of, and the delightful vision of a kindly, garrulous and humanitarian Russian, left running with a serious female crank a Peace of the World League. He at least can believe in something, and Hans Frost seems to have reached seventy without any comforting and steadying belief.

A High Wind in Jamaica. By Richard Hughes. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

This is easily the most brilliant and original novel of the season. It shows remarkable gifts of humour and description and masterly insight into the minds of young children. Throughout they dominate the strange scenes in which they figure and their parents are, for the most part, woefully ignorant of their real minds. At the beginning they are running wild in the Jamaica of the sixties, and we see them go through an earthquake and a hurricane which is much worse, tearing up houses and leaving wreck and ruin everywhere. To avoid another catastrophe of the sort, they are sent to England and captured by pirates, survivals who exhibit the decay of the profession by their kindliness and the oddness of their captures. As a matter of fact, the children, with the exception of the eldest girl, tyrannize over them, and it gives one a shock to find that, when they have been successfully handed on with an innocent story, their reticence is finally broken down and they are the means of sending their friends to the scaffold. It is as if Macheath or one of Barrie's picturesque pirates were really hanged. We expected some absurd way out of the law to be discovered.

The situation is rich in irony for Emily, aged ten, on whom the author has lavished the best of his observations and the worst of his horrors. Scenery and details are elaborated in a direct style, which is cunningly unpretentious. But Mr. Hughes

revels in what, we believe, is called "naturalism." Some, at least, of the horrible and cruel and disgusting things described add nothing that we can see to the book. Such are the two pages devoted to the drunkenness, desperate struggles, and death of a monkey being operated on for a cancerous tail, and the descriptions of belching sailors. It is the revelation of the strange reserves and reticences of babies; their odd affections, "mostly imaginative, not intuitive"; their marvellous insight and ignorance; their gift for humbug when they want to charm, which is the making of the book. Mark Twain, a close observer, mentions once that his children preferred the cat to either of their parents, but the deluded mother of these children, who takes a keen interest in psychology, thinks they are "almost *too* devoted to us. We have been such an unrivalled centre of their lives and thoughts." And all the while they are moving in a world of their own, sniffing after new sensations, "like cats in a new home." Life for them is largely a Free Fun Fair and Circus, none of which they want to miss. But even when very young they show their individualities, one being a moral preacher, and another desperately maternal, making a baby of anything that comes in her way from a rag to a marline spike.

PETRUCHIO. By G. B. STERN. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

THE author has produced an admirable light entertainment. The end of it does not seem very likely, but that does not matter. She suggests with a minimum of the Italian language the charming scene in which the modern Petruchio finds his bride. Modesta is a little Ligurian peasant, one of three servant girls at a villa, prettier and lazier than her sisters—a humbugging monkey. The young Englishman on a visit there must needs take her for his wife, and finds her impossibly selfish and pleasure-loving, much fonder of clothes than of her husband. So he decides to take her out of the luxurious life and make her work with him on an Italian farm. She is beautifully tamed, but how can a young, sport-loving English dilettante fit into a working atmosphere of gourds and goats and grapes after a London flat? That is a secret revealed by the rest of the plot. The gulf between the English and Italian temperaments is indicated with abundant humour.

DEATH OF A HERO. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.

THIS new example of the cynical type of war-novel has many passages which can be read without acute distress by believers in the Decalogue and the value of genuine emotions. But, as a whole, it will "leave an unpleasant taste in their mouths." The author appears to share in the common error of confusing the general with the particular in his pictures of

young people playing the dangerous game of "living one's own life."

That the views of the great British public on such little-known questions as the relations of the sexes, the causes of the Great War, and the characters of the conflicting races, among other things, are dreadfully wrong is the "moral" of the tale, though the author may be annoyed at the use of that old-fashioned word. The "realism" of those chapters which tell of soldiers' lives in the front line is very much that of the most wildly "best-seller" among war novels. Both the German and the English novelists were keenly bent, for whatever reasons, on describing the most disgusting physical experiences. It seems possible, by the way, that Mr. Aldington wrote his many "strong" passages before his foreign rival in such exercises.

In the very nearly unexpurgated edition of Pepys's Diary the then impossibly offensive details were concealed by rows of dots. But these dots were not grouped, as are the asterisks which, in Mr. Aldington's novel, have replaced phrases at which his publishers jibbed, so that the readers of the Diary had not the present chance of enjoying a new kind of word-game by endeavouring to discover what the author had written.

This asterisk business, in common with the dedication, the author's note, and the "blurb" on the ugly dust cover, is likely at the outset to prejudice the experienced reader. W. H. H.

HARRIET HUME: A LONDON FANTASY. By REBECCA WEST. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

FANTASTIC, indeed, is this story and occasionally so full of suggestion instead of statement that it will be obscure to some readers. The time appears to vary from the days of the Regency to today, and a common policeman uses the adjective "dulcet." The author writes a frankly mannered style which exhibits well her original views and brilliant wit. The lady of the title, a player of the piano, makes a charming heroine, and the hero, a politician without birth or money, who must get on, loves her but leaves her to marry the right sort of woman socially. But when he meets her as the years go by, she reassumes her sway. She exhibits his secret conscience to him, for she has a wonderful power of reading all his thoughts. The present reviewer had the same fantastic idea for a story and saw that it led to the early death of one so distressingly endowed. That catastrophe is hardly avoided here. The subtle and, to an ordinary mind, disgraceful manœuvres of the rising politician are neatly suggested, and he is the sort of physically beautiful creature who wins hearts with his "ample marbly Romanness of profile," though he has a touch of the Levantine in him. Harriet is, however, incomparably superior to him in charm, with something of the princess and something of a little trollop, "for, of course, every woman would

THE ALIEN MENACE

(Second and Enlarged Edition)

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. H. LANE

with Foreword by

LORD SYDENHAM

of Combe, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., etc., F.R.S.

The author proves conclusively that the political unrest, unemployment, disease and immorality in our midst spring largely from foreign sources, and he points out how unemployment and house-overcrowding can be considerably reduced.

"He (the author) has rendered a great public service by fearlessly unveiling the seamy side of our national life, and giving a plain warning which it is madness to disregard."—
LORD SYDENHAM, G.C.S.I., etc., F.R.S.

"I read your book with the greatest interest, and I have used many of the facts in speeches I have made on the subject from time to time. I commend it to all those who have the interest of their country at heart."—The Rt. Hon. SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

"In this excellent book the author points out that, while aliens are allowed to live and work in this country, there are still thousands of ex-Servicemen workless and homeless."—SUNDAY EXPRESS.

"An able and devastatingly instructive volume."—EMPIRE RECORD.

PRICE **2s. 6d.** net. POST **2s. 10d.**

ST. STEPHEN'S PUBLISHING CO.

71 ST. STEPHEN'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

like to be both." She can tell a delightful fairy-story and spend half an hour "in making ten moons of her nails."

The author's fancy plays round London scenes delightfully but she might have taken more care with a few of her sentences which are quite unworthy of an artist in prose. Why is the American "automobile" used instead of "motor-car"?

THE W PLAN. By GRAHAM SETON. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

THIS is an exciting spy story of the war in which the hero has to do terrible things and risk his life to defeat a vast and ingenious plan of German destruction. Col. Duncan Grant goes boldly into Germany, taking on the clothes and personality of a dead German

officer, and when he has to change his identity, it means killing a soldier. At first, because he is recognized and supported by an old lady-love who is German, things go well, but later he is reduced to despair and nearly out of his mind. He has, however, *præfervidum ingenium Scotorum* and wins through, thinking of home and country. He has to face military bestiality, but in general he finds the homely kindliness which belongs to the German nation.

All the details are well devised, and the dialogue is vivid. But the story is more than a sensational affair; it holds those touches of poetry and mysticism which are often behind a victory against great odds.

THE PATTERN OF CHANCE. By GORDON GARDINER. Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.

THE author has somewhat hampered himself by adopting the autobiographical form in which the hero writes of himself throughout, and, oddly enough, we do not remember coming across his name, though his character is convincingly portrayed. The style of the book is accomplished, but there is less direct conversation than is usual in a modern novel. The story, however, which concerns the hero's endeavour to recover himself after imprisonment for theft by making a new career in the South Africa of the nineties, is decidedly effective. The young man did get a good start in an official position, but his unfortunate past was revealed and he was only saved by a strange girl whose life was mysteriously as secluded as his own had become. There is real beauty in the description of their love, and the scenery and weather, though the author disclaims any recent revival of his memories, are well and vividly done. A Scottish doctor, brilliant but spoilt by drink, and a heroic Zulu who was Cetewayo's general, are excellent characters, and perhaps we should add, in a literary world where gloom is popular, that all ends well.

THE MONKEY TREE. By DESMOND COKE. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

THE "Monkey Tree" was an Araucaria which stood in front of a white cottage owned by a widow, and she valued it hugely as a symbol of her husband and earlier life. When her son came home from the war with nothing to live on and nerves to be reduced to normal, she took him in. He married after a sordid episode in town, and the struggles of the pair to make a living with their reactions to the mother make the story. It is decidedly interesting as a study of post-war manners, which seem mainly to be marked by incredible selfishness. Making due allowance for the disgust and weariness which followed the war, we find the young man intolerably querulous with no sound basis anywhere, and not entitled to despise anybody—certainly not to deride his mother, whose sense of humour he did not inherit. We cannot,

however, conclude that the picture is overdrawn. The book is well written and, fortunately, the author's sententious commentary—a feature in which he does not shine—is not frequent.

HUMOUR.

SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY. By A. P. GARLAND. Edward Arnold. 6s.

HERE are more than fifty discourses between Sergeant Murphy and his friend Heddle, who talk with refreshing freedom from cant. Mr. Garland practises with great skill the art of happy exaggeration in language, and his jests are so well pointed that they seldom fail to hit the mark. His sergeant, however, has far more than the robust and limited sense we might expect from a man who has seen war and is not easily rattled. His criticisms and explanations cover the whole circuit of modern life in an amusing and enlightening commentary, and the range of it is remarkable. Social snobbery is so overworked by our humorists as a subject today that we weary of an oft-repeated effect which is as stale as cold cabbage. Mr. Garland goes much further, touching politics, international affairs, sport, and even science. The sergeant on Einstein's discoveries was selected by a man of science as the best explainer of that difficult doctrine he had read. We have often wished to see the bragging megalomania of recent years, which is thoroughly un-English, faithfully treated, and here we find, delightfully enough, that the only strong, silent man left in England is the Poet Laureate. The sergeant does not like the Charles B. Cochran touch in weddings, the columns of drivel about the modern girl and the rise of the "photocracy". He sees how scandal is used for advertisement of unworthy stuff:

> Annyhow, after a dose of them novels, I sent out and bought "Female Poisoners of the Seventeenth Century." I wanted to give me mind a breath of fresh air.

Ruff's "Guide" was more like his normal reading, and he comments well on the humbug and commercialism which have grown round the Englishman's chief interest—sport. The sergeant, in fact, has something for everybody and nothing makes him gloomy, though, like some of Shakespeare's lesser characters, he is wittier than he has any right to be.

HISTORY AND MYSTERY

THE INTIMATE LIFE OF THE LAST TSARINA. By PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL. With 8 plates. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

THE author, who gives no explanation of her chances of studying the subject, has produced a reasoned narrative of the handicaps of the Tsarina which we find more interesting than the usual sensational revelations. She makes good use of the Imperial diaries and letters and evidently has a wide knowledge of the memoirs published of late years.

The marriage was zealously promoted by Queen Victoria, and

the Tsarevitch, with a dying father, was very much in love from the first. His beautiful bride was raised out of an awkward situation at home, but she had no adequate training for her great place. Her change of religion, the author notes, set St. Petersburg against her. Through shyness and the difficulties of her position she acquired a cold manner, and her love for Russia was never realized. But she meant to rule a weak husband and did—an arrangement that in the far abler hands of the Empress Frederick was unhappy in Germany. She was entangled in intrigues against her will and she encouraged the Tsar's adherence to strict autocracy, which was severely maintained in his first public utterance. The Empress Dowager remained popular; the young wife was not, and chose the wrong friends, alienating the aristocracy.

The rest of the story is sadly familiar with Rasputin, as an inspired man of God, improving the sickly son's health. An official report on him in the Appendix points to hypnotic powers. However that may be, his crude or skilfully engineered opinions ruled Russia in war-time, and the mass of fraud and corruption was increased by the Tsarina's alliance with the bureaucrats. She was supposed to cure, by her nursing, desperate cases which were in reality carefully selected as not serious. The Tsar turned a deaf ear to repeated warnings, and it is probable that, regarding his person as sacred, he did not anticipate the wholesale murder which awaited him and his family. The book supposes some knowledge of the main events and background. It is not entirely consistent in its view of the Tsarina but recognizes that most of her faults were those of ignorance. That a woman, however able, could in her position have stayed the course of the tragedy seems to us very doubtful.

THE DUNKELGRAF MYSTERY. By O. V. MAECKEL, with the collaboration of MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND. With illustrations. Hutchinson. 21s.

READERS are fortunate who secure this book, for the edition is limited and the authors have shown wonderful industry and patience in tackling a mystery of first-rate importance and showing the mistakes and improbabilities which the large literature of the subject involves. A solution which is "incontestable," as the book says, is not possible in the circumstances, but the varied evidence that has been gathered all supports the startling conclusions reached. The *Dunkelgraf*, "mysterious count," lived in Germany for years with a lady who was most carefully secluded from the general gaze. She had his society only and was heavily veiled when she drove with him abroad. She died in his house and was buried as a Westphalian woman of no note in his grounds. But it is quite clear that the pair were protected in high places from official registration and other indiscreet inquiries. She was not a prisoner and was grateful to her guardian. He was a highly cultivated man, and no idea of scandalous relations between the

pair is justified. His name and former employment as an officer in the French army are now established, and the lady, it is suggested, was none other than Marie Thérèse, the daughter of the unfortunate Louis XVI. When she left France in 1795 for Vienna, she deliberately allowed another to be substituted in her place, because after all her trials she preferred a quiet and solitary life. There is a gap of some years between this supposed arrangement and her appearance under the Dutchman's care.

Difficult as this story may be to believe, the evidence pointing to it is remarkably strong. Behaviour, portraits, handwriting, all show a discrepancy between the young princess as known in Paris and the later career of the Duchess of Angoulême, "the only man in the family," according to Napoleon. It is a pity that the original of the mysterious lady's letter has been lost, as it would have been a strong point when compared with the writing of the young princess. Some of this important evidence is rather scrappily presented, and a whole chapter might have been devoted to it. The secret, once at least revealed by the last Queen of Hanover, the granddaughter of the duke who protected the mysterious pair at Hildburghausen, was so well kept that the inquirers and speculators on the subject are not French, but German. Something more may yet turn up. Meanwhile, the solution of the mystery, if sensational, is well supported by details difficult to refute.

TRAVEL.

THE MOST NOBLE AND FAMOUS TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO TOGETHER WITH THE TRAVELS OF NICOLO DE CONTI. Edited from the Elizabethan Translation of John Frampton. By N. M. PENZER. The Argonaut Press. £2 2s.

IT is not surprising that in 1579 an English translation should appear of the Travels of Marco Polo, which had already been translated into five other languages: but it is remarkable that John Frampton's translation should never have been reprinted and that only three copies of it are now known to exist. It seems to have fallen flat with an educated public who were far from unintelligent and could enjoy Marco Polo in Latin, Italian, French, or Spanish, as easily as in English. Christopher Columbus himself read the Travels in Pipino's Latin rendering, as his numerous annotations in his own hand show in his copy preserved at Seville. The Venetian "father of geography" was doubtless held to be something of a romancer. His travels describe such wholly unknown regions of the earth that it is no wonder they were almost classed with fairy-tales. Yet they were not romantic. Marco Polo was familiar with the great Kublai—Coleridge's Kubla Khan—at whose court, or serving him in various missions in China, he dwelt in much honour for twenty years, but he was not the man to hear

"ancestral voices prophesying war." Indeed, many find the great traveller's records rather jejune, and he certainly lacked the divine sense of humour.

The attraction of the Travels does not lie in the style, nor even in their priority, though to have journeyed over most of Asia in the last quarter of the thirteenth century, and to have described what he saw (or did not see), was title enough to give the author renown. But the numerous mysteries and puzzles connected with these travels have proved an ineluctable lure to "Polian" students: for to them belongs the doubtful credit of adding a new adjective to our over-burdened language. How much did Polo really see himself, and how much of his descriptions is derived from his father and uncle who were for a time his fellow-travellers, and how much was imported into his narrative by his fellow-prisoner at Genoa Rustichello, who had a flair for the romantic and is known to have had a share in the working-up of the travels from Polo's notes? Of all this we learn very little from Mr. Penzer's elaborate introduction, which is occupied by an exhaustive examination of the many MSS. But he has something to tell of the translator. Frampton, in addition to his version of the Spanish MSS. of Polo and other Spanish works, had published in 1577 a translation of Monardes under the title "Joy Newes out of the Newe Founde World," which contains an interesting reference to tobacco, that "santa herba," and Frampton adds that Jean Nicot himself told him how, when ambassador at Lisbon, he had become acquainted with the "Hearbe the which they receive at the mouth through certain coffins such as grocers do use to put in their spices." From which it appears that cigarette smoking was not unknown even at the time of Salvation Yeo's big cigarros. Mr. Penzer's notes on the topographical identifications and suggestions show how much learned research has been made since Yule published his great edition half a century ago. The maps of Polo's journeys are most beautifully drawn by Miss G. Heath, and their reproduction and the typography of the Argonaut Press leave nothing to be desired—except less avoirdupois. The handsome volume is a trifle heavy.

SOMERSET. By S. E. WINBOLT. With illustrations by Edgar and Winifred Ward. G. Bell. 6s.

THE aim of this book is to select the most notable things, beginning with a general sketch of the county which Mr. Winbolt does very well. He is a scholar, keen on antiquities, and can appreciate the charm of trees as well as of the church towers which present so varied a display to the lover of architecture. Much of the county is delightfully unspoilt by the ravages of busy commerce, and the efforts of the advertiser are still happily deficient in truly rural regions which have remained stationary

or decreased in population. It is pleasant to think that Cheddar Gorge, the most astonishing thing of its kind in England, belongs to the National Trust. It is best entered, as Mr. Winbolt says, from the top. The list of properties or ancient monuments now protected, which is given in the appendix, is long. Mr. Winbolt divides his narrative into various centres and considers the claims of the walker, wisely advising the aid of a compass where paths are obscure. Somerset holds some of the best walks in England and, if there are occasional disappointments, they are due to the overcoloured imagination of novelists. "Is poor Mr. Blackmore," he asks pertinently, "to be allowed to invent nothing?" Places less known than the Doone Valleys, such as Selworthy, have their own quiet beauty, and the photographs, some of which stretch across two pages, exhibit the charm of well-wooded country round Castle Carey or the wild silence of Exmoor admirably. For the first time in a book of this sort we get some insight into the meaning of place-names, and Mr. Winbolt has made a judicious selection of the work of learned specialists who are nearly always useful and generally dull.

POETRY.

FURTHER POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Secker. 10s. 6d.
NEAR AND FAR. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.
DRIVEN. By LEROY MACLEOD. Knopf. 6s.

AT times one is tempted to believe that the only criterion of poetry is one of personal reaction: it becomes impossible to write "we" in an estimate which depends so much upon personal appeal. Thus Emily Dickinson awakens in me the kind of glow one gets from good conversation; Mr. Edmund Blunden, on the other hand, leaves me quite cold. I proceed to analyse: Miss Dickinson's fundamentals are not mine—she is a Calvinist with a sense of blasphemous humour, able both to believe in and laugh at the Judgment Day; her technique packs a poem so full of ideas that it is obscure; she has no music. Mr. Blunden's fundamentals *are* mine; we should probably agree about almost everything in the encyclopædia, and would be concerned with the same subjects; his technique is almost flawless, his language extremely felicitous; his sense of music and rhythm above reproach. Therefore it cannot be Mr. Blunden's fault that I shall probably never look at his book again, nor Miss Dickinson's virtue that I shall put hers in the bookcase by my bed, where the books I recur to live. We seem to love our poetry "for love's sake only," that most uncritical and best of reasons.

The new volume of Emily Dickinson's work is exactly like the last. She has a tremendous individuality (is that the secret?). Her work conjures the picture of this quiet woman of the middle of last century, an Emily Brontë whose agnostic faith and tragic renunciation of love were the warp and woof of her poetry. In

a darker soul they would have turned to bitterness; but her saving grace of humour kept life sweet, and her sense of language ensured poetry. The form and the words are blessedly free from any taint of derivation from literature, and, as with all good poetry, they have a virtue in themselves which conveys more than their dictionary meaning. So when she speaks of:

> The over-take-lessness of those
> Who have accomplished death

or in her colloquial mannerism cries:

> I don't like Paradise!
> Eden will be so lonesome
> Bright Wednesday afternoons.

All the poems come with this same feeling of inevitability. They are literature because they are life re-expressed in vital language.

So when we turn to Mr. Blunden's book it seems strangely two-dimensional beside this other. He may begin a poem:

> Through the tender amaranthine domes
> Of angel-evenings echoing summer song

or end one:

> Their mysteries luring that young seraph-cloud
> Swan-like between the mountain and the moon.

The figures are beautiful, the music exquisite, the words lovely in themselves; but they are literature learned of literature. They lack impact. This perfect academic verse, concerned with all subjects proper for verse, written in the language long-used by poets, makes no demand to be admitted to the mind. It remains in gentlemanly reticence, like a very good etching on an ivory-coloured wall, or any other outward and visible sign of perfect breeding. Forgive us if we sigh for the violence of Van Gogh. The traditions of English poetry are too safe in Mr. Blunden's hands.

Mr. Leroy Macleod is a new-comer from America, and this volume has some fine things in it. It has particularly a long narrative poem called "Drouth," which has spiritual affinities with the narrative work of Masefield, the best American short story writers and Eugene O'Neill's middle-West plays. His language invariably has strength, as when he talks of

> The shuttling swallows—high and high,
> Seaming the torn tarpauling of the sky.

His characters have reality and he convinces by his knowledge of nature. Again the element of distaste is a personal one: that I so intensely dislike these crude people that I don't want to read of them. The tragedy of their dreary lives Mr. Macleod marvellously conveys. Obviously he himself feels and hates it, and his power of realism brings it to us. Masefield, who comes to mind as we read, always managed to set his realism against his flaming sense of beauty, and when Mr. Macleod learns to do this he will write something really big. There are many happier

things in the minor poems of the book, but "Drouth" is the outstanding feature, and—personal preferences apart—it marks the new-comer as a real poet. H. S.

DISRAELI IN LOVE.

THE LETTERS OF DISRAELI TO LADY BRADFORD AND LADY CHESTERFIELD. Edited by the MARQUESS OF ZETLAND. Benn. 2 vols. 42s.

"I LIVE for power and the affections," wrote Disraeli in 1874 to the Countess of Bradford, whose husband held a Court office in the administration recently formed by him. The extraordinary correspondence which he carried on from the summer of the previous year almost till his death in 1881 with her and her elder sister, Lady Chesterfield, is an illustrative commentary on these words. As Lord Zetland reminds us in his able introduction, the sisters, who were the daughters of Lord Forester, were friends of Disraeli's youth, with whom he had renewed relations soon after his own wife's death and increased his intimacy. He actually proposed marriage to the elder sister, now a widow, but clearly preferred the younger.

To both sisters the Conservative Premier wrote freely about political events and his relations with Queen Victoria ("the Faery"); but, though superficially the septuagenarian philanderer seems to keep an even keel between Anne and Selina, the latter is the real favourite. In a letter of November 1874 to Lady Bradford the amazing man actually draws a distinction between "loving" and "being in love" in direct reference to her sister and herself, and declares that to one engaged in the government of a country the former acts as a distraction, whilst in the second case, "the difficulty of seeing your beloved, or communicating with her, only animates and excites" him. There are many complaints as to these obstacles which the lady probably sometimes created, and there is a significant passage in an early letter to Selina in which "Dizzy" protests that her view of correspondence was that it should be "confined to facts and not admit feelings," whereas he himself would "as soon keep a journal" as maintain such a correspondence. Later he complains of the "tax of writing to your sister" despite the "greatest affection" for her, but "will do it because I know it pleases you." Yet, if he felt that, he always concealed it from his "dearest darling," Lady Chesterfield, on the power of whose brilliant eyes he more than once dilates in addressing her. And on one point at least he feels closer to Anne than to Selina. In reference to the introduction of a portrait of Norman Neruda, the violinist, in "Lothair," he writes to Lady Chesterfield: "I daresay you remember the scene, as you have read all my works and often remind me of them. Selina has read very few and does not remember a line she has read."

Lady Bradford, on the whole, got the greater share of the Prime Minister's political intelligence, though Lady Chesterfield's intimacy with him does not seem to have been perceptibly affected by her son-in-law, Lord Carnarvon's, breach with him on the Eastern question, which, if he could settle, he would say "Nunc dimittis," he told her. She was the recipient of that "great State secret," the purchase of the Khedive's Suez Canal shares in November 1875, about which "the Faery is in ecstasies." The letter which contains this revelation is given in facsimile. To her also the harassed Premier gave a graphic picture of a day's work in the heroic struggle he was carrying on against constant ill-health throughout his arduous last phase. After the detail, he says: "I write quicker to you than our own correspondent in the seat of war, in the midst of a battle." To Selina also he confided the delicacy he had felt, after his great intimacy with Louis Philippe and the Orleans family, in visiting Paris during the Second Empire; and, notwithstanding his great liking for Napoleon III, his conviction that the latter was not "a man of honour," which "character," he added, from his wide experience was "rather rare out of England." Both ladies got communications from Berlin during the famous Congress and remarkable portraits of Bismarck with "his sweet and gentle voice, striking from such an ogre-looking body." Lady Bradford was told how her "Dizzy" had been obliged to smoke with the great man, though it was "the last blow to his shattered constitution." A later letter mentions a French diplomat finding the Iron Chancellor "reading over again all Lord Beaconsfield's novels," and expressing condolence with him in an inability to carry on two things—politics and literature—at the same time. Among many references to Gladstone in the correspondence, seldom complimentary, one in a different vein relates his courtesy as a fellow-guest at a ball.

Among lighter touches in the letters there is mention of an incident at Sandringham in 1875, where the P.M. tells of his legs having been pinched under the table by the little Princesses, who were after Mr. Sykes, but made a mistake in counting. When, during his last days as Minister, five years later, he entertained the Prince at Hughenden, we hear of him vainly trying to induce his guest to play nap instead of whist, "which would have left me alone, for I don't understand that mystery." "Dizzy's" dependence on his personal servant, "Mr. Baum," and his indefatigable secretary "Monty," is very apparent. Of the former we hear that "though sedulous and sometimes honest, he is of a sullen and supercilious temperament and never unnecessarily opens his mouth. This, I think, a recommendation." The latter attended his chief's death-bed, and described to Lady Bradford his last moments in most affectionate terms.

G. LE G. N.